

MAY 2, 1977

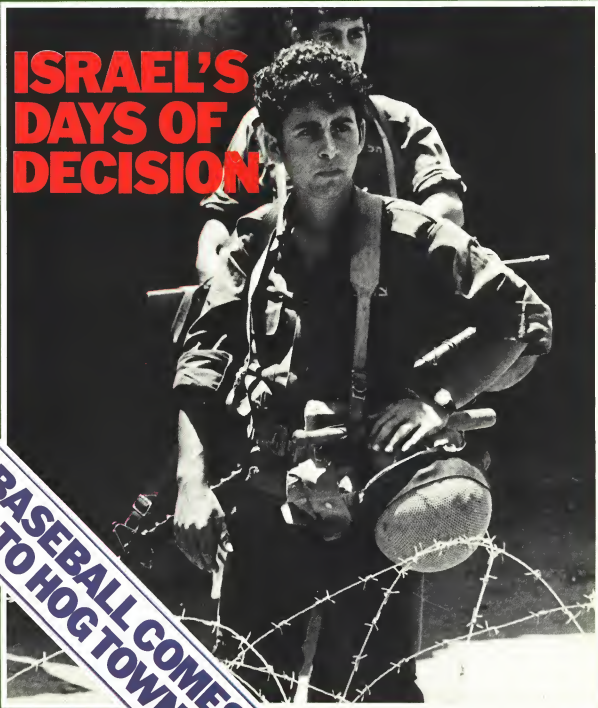
CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

75¢

# Macleans

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# Interview

With language commissioner Keith Spicer

On July 31, Keith Spicer leaves his job as Canada's Official Languages Commissioner after seven stormy years. But for some of the most readable reports to emanate from Ottawa, Spicer quickly became the Trudeau government's super-salesman of bilingualism, drumming home his message. But Canada's bilingual nature should be seen as an advantage, not a handicap, and that learning French should be left not a choice. A 43-year-old Toronto-born political scientist, the fluent bilingual Spicer sometimes got into trouble with his knuckled pronunciation. In 1973 he angered Montreal anglophones when he talked of "West Indian Rhododendrons." His biggest bombshell came last year when he issued a scathing critique of language training for federal civil servants and urged that the emphasis be switched to a "youth option"—teaching children more French in the schools. Longtime critics of Ottawa's policies seized on the report as a weapon for attacking the very principle of federal bilingualism. Taken stock, Spicer in his final report this spring did an about-face, praising government efforts to date and rating them about 80% successful. Though asked to remain at his post for a few more years, Spicer plans to leave in November where he will teach political science at the University of British Columbia and write a weekly column for the *Windsor Star*—while continuing to work on our bilingualism and the language question of Quebec's future. In Confederation, Spicer talked to *Maclean's* Ottawa correspondent Ian Urquhart.



Progress in language reform is dramatic and solid and, I think, irreversible

When they served six years and years of solid, undramatic reform. The sharpness of antagonisms on both sides, while disappointing, may confirm the brightest expectations I spoke of. This is what I find the "Le Tourneville paradox." Always de Tocqueville looked in the 1830s in the United States that when the rich and the poor were in the process of total segregation by the past, serving no hope of progress were families, and therefore things were potentially "real." The same occurred later between blacks and whites. Once they started closing the gap after the 1954 Supreme Court decision in the United States and with all the Lyndon Johnson reforms and so on, the black community found less and less individual every vestige of antagonism. Without believing that the solution is literally true in every detail, I think it does explain a lot of the anger you feel on the French side.

progress in such basic matters—today, even drilling on oceans class a flat because expectations are much higher. But last year, the six countries of the world in a Mickey Mouse incident like the hockey ban on Maple Leaf Gardens (who hosted a franchisee association) get in more coverage in Quebec, just sometimes, and in the public

that things are still not going that smoothly. They have started to believe that this is not just another fairplay, that it is the real thing, and it is starting to work in advance and hurt a little. That is why you end up with, on the French side, increased competition, but based on more hope—where it is good news. And on the English side you have a certain nervousness. I think, that things really are working after all, but this is not just somebody's cultural promise, that parliament really meant when it said, and now delivering the goods and making the civil service a better place for all Canadians.

**Maclean's:** What has been accomplished within the civil service?

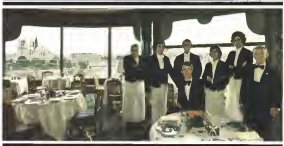
**Spicer:** Usually when you talk to an English newspaper about fairness in the civil service, they immediately say, "Oh, yes, all our poor English-speaking compatriots are getting shafted." Well, you have to start that around and ask where the basic unfairness might be. The real unfairness has been against the French speaker who work in Ottawa. It is much better than it was. It is less painful, but it is still painful that to come back to your question, yes, I think the progress in bilingualism—that harmful word that is negative and abstract and makes everybody nervous—the progress in language reform is dramatic and solid and I think irreversible on the past eight years. One of the key standards for language reform was in the program in representation of French speakers in the police and vice, and the figures there are impressive. In 1973, agencies for bilingual anglophones were 10 times more numerous than those for unilingual francophones. Four years later the achievement was six to one. Now that's still not good enough since francophones form more than one-quarter of our population, but it's a lot better. Francophones do not yet feel what you would term that that share of the jobs. But we have ended what some Quebecers still like to call the "English colonial regime."

**Maclean's:** And all of the trouble that we are seeing now is a sign of progress?

**Spicer:** Exactly. Maybe the Mountbatten by nature an absolutely provenly opinionist, but that's the way it feels to me and I'm convinced it is true. If this whole reform had turned out to be a fraud, and nothing was happening, I am quite sure that English Canadians would be feeling very restless. But because the reform is working, advancing, being, hurting a few people that is little—and I have this in my own complaints file—but it is significant, it



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ual. The reform is basically a major move for Canada as a nation country.

**Maclean's:** Surely the election of the *Parti Québécois* government in Quebec is a sign not of progress but of a backward step?

**Spicer:** Well, that is the price of progress of any kind. Progress is costly, as nations have you make it, it means changing your outlook on the world. Any kind of progress in enlightening to people is the middle of it. If you want an absolutely serene existence in a world, it is not a necessary.

**Maclean's:** Let me quote you something from your last annual report in 1991. You noted that the success of Canada's linguistic revolution would depend first on ending the theme of education on language, on creating a debate with a dialogue. And now you seem to be saying that the fact that we're having a ongoing linguistic debate is a sign of progress.

**Spicer:** I will try to skate around that. I think, to get any progress on the table, you have to lay out the issues. Therefore I think behind that, and still that is what I am pleading even now, that the moderates have to come out of their domain. In the middle of the so-called controversy last summer I was saying, "Look, folks, we are not going to get very far as adjusting to the progress if we don't listen to a perspective and remove it down to a dialogue rather than a debate." So I am not requiring that there is all the talk but that we are listening. I am trying to interpret it in a way that will put some constructive meaning on it. I am not advising that we have vicious racist arguments. I am just saying that if they do break out, it is probably a good symptom that something is happening.

**Maclean's:** For those mentioned the air traffic dispute. Who was right in that debate? Or were both sides wrong?

**Spicer:** Everybody and nobody. I think because at this stage the issue is an obscured by emotions and polemics that you can't say that everything the English pilots or English controllers are in right or wrong. Not everything that has gone on there (the Quebec pilots and controllers) are in right or wrong. All I have ever done at that crisis is to state two priorities. First, safety is paramount. However, the second priority requires that we take an overall look at the role of the government in respect of the language rights and aspirations of our citizens of our population. But I have simply said that safety has to be first. I believe passionately in language rights but I believe even more passionately in human rights, the rights to human life.

**Maclean's:** Was that despite a sign that we have been moving too quickly in the area of language reform, or too slowly, or have we been going at about the right pace?

**Spicer:** That depends on how you define what you mean with the general progress of language reform. What English Canadians have to remember is the way that whole crisis evolved, and in some let's say, if not in fact, in some of some of the English-speaking professionals. French-

Canada had the impression of massive imposition. There wasn't a French Canadian I know of who didn't feel grossly imposed by the way that whole thing evolved last summer.

**Maclean's:** You said in your last report that one of the major challenges in language reform has been the failure to communicate the benefits and advantages of having a bilingual country. Where does it stand? Is it Pierre Trudeau's fault? Joe Clark's? Is it the media's fault?

**Spicer:** Apart from the services of such medium, TV or print journalism itself, I think the press has played a pretty fair game. They have not tried to impede language reform. The great failing on information has been with the government in power.



## Any failure to sell language reform lies with the government in power—Mr. Trudeau's

which happens to be Mr. Trudeau's. I am not carrying any great vindictive feeling toward him at all. I do wish that the cabinet of the *Parti Québécois* could be a little more regularly among the groups. There are ways of demonstrating your concerns as a continuing basis that we haven't seen and I hope his advisers will bring him to do that.

**Maclean's:** Well, Pierre Trudeau has made language reform the keystone of his whole political career. Are you talking about the manner in which he does it?

**Spicer:** Yes. To be specific, we're talking here not about the education of French Canadians who believe in language reform. We are talking about English Canada and the only way to demonstrate the theme of language in opposition for English Canadians, I am convinced, is to stress that the period is through children.

So I would have thought that the English-speaking services would have let the tool for a few months or a year, pretty regularly, visiting schools, having realized that the progress for English Canada was through the schools, through youth exchanges, through increasing language as an advantage for the future and they should have gone and developed the youth aspect then. Now they are doing it, but after five years of neglect during which English Canada felt that it was completely neglected and during which we left the field virtually free for every non-manager and poddy of an education.

**Maclean's:** Now the government has accepted its previous youth approach. Are you changing the previous? Ontario of Quebec, as province makes French a compulsory subject and its university requires French as an entrance requirement. Should Ottawa try to bring the provinces in line on the issue by holding back the grants to new students in post-secondary education?

**Spicer:** Why not? Some people will seem bloody-minded and say you mustn't use the tax system to put the squeeze on anybody. On the other hand, there are certain objectives to insist in the future of Canada that it's hard to understand why the feds would squander money on recreation unless they're getting some payoff for all Canada. That's a pretty modest, normal payoff to ask for that they require, at least in the first and second language. The ability to read a newspaper in the second language and the more for the young Quebecers in English and the ability to carry a simple conversation. So I would think it likely that with the same surplus of what we see right-English-speaking parents would make sense to want to have about 15% or 20% of the kids in English Canada able to converse very freely and to read almost anything in the second language and the rest of them, at least in the case of high school, ought to be able to back their way through a newspaper.

**Maclean's:** How much of the new parents in Ontario in French-Canada French?

**Spicer:** I think that the situation of French in French is elementary schools between 1970 and 1976. There are about a million children outside of Quebec studying some kind of French. Although, I want to stress that there is a terrible deficit in the high schools. It is less than an equivalent of 25% to 40%.

**Maclean's:** Assuming that enough people know sufficiently to pass to fit in our civil service requirements, and that the youth aspect is covered, will that be enough to hold this country together?

**Spicer:** Absolutely not. There have always been two parts in the language question in Canada. One has been the civil service thing—that is, accepting as normal that you serve people in the language of their issue and that you let them work in the language in which they feel more at home. The other part of it is the place of Quebec in Canada. If you are going to ask whether the Official Languages Act is a

ing Quebec, of course not, that wasn't the purpose of it. Hope or at least not the only purpose. The idea was simply to give a measure of long-overdue fair play to French-speaking citizens and taxpayers.

**Muscaire:** It was surely one element in a program to save Canada.

**Spicer:** Undoubtedly. But was a major concern of many of the politicians who passed the Official Languages Act, but I am just reforming your question through the eyes of a francophone. He would find that argument unconvincing. He would say "You mean you're going to say that we should leave Canada and go down as one lesser race than you because you finally got second after 100 years to serving as our language?" It was never perceived by French-speaking Canadians as either that their survival was at risk or that a Quebec English-speaking Canadian would have felt the same if the shoe had been on the other foot. If Alberta, for example, had been an Englishland or a majority French North American, we would have replaced all of the whole Canadian scene. But I think that in the interest of French-speaking Quebecers the province is always going to need English Canada to some kind of city in North America.

**Muscaire:** René Lévesque's PQ government doesn't seem to think so.

**Spicer:** I think that he is in a very tough tight right now, because if they tried to be too moderate in dealing with English Canada they are running the risk of giving to French-speaking Quebecers that nothing is possible within the present Canada, or some kind of Canada. And if they are deliberately cynical and destructive, they run the risk of leaving a lot of English-speaking Canadians who might be active for the second part of the 1990s (hypothetical) association after independence.

**Muscaire:** Do you feel regret you say that the French outside of Quebec should be a priority concern right now. It is already too late to prevent them from being assimilated?

**Spicer:** I hope not. The assimilation rate is falling in the past 10 years, the French speakers outside of Quebec have lost a lot of ground. The only hopeful sign is that an 1910 Gérard Pelletier, when he was Secretary of State, began a program of solidarity, both political and financial, with French-speaking outside Quebec. And that I think, combined a young elite of Franco-Canadians and Acadians to start coming to the fore, and now they are taking things in hand. I think it is shocking that it took the Ontario government seven years to ensure that French speakers in Windsor get the French high school they were entitled to.

**Muscaire:** What about the English speaking minority within Quebec. Does it warrant special concern, particularly in the light of the White Paper on language, which acknowledges there will be further language questions of a bilingual Quebec?

**Spicer:** I have spoken with Quebec's deputy premier, Jacques-Yves Boivin and the minister of cultural development, Canada

Laurin. I told them I sympathized completely with the need to ensure a healthy predominance of French in Quebec, in the same way that English is the predominant language of Ontario, Alberta and Nova Scotia. But I expressed serious concern over weaknesses in the White Paper. Disturbance of the solid progress in federal language reform and some of the mechanisms proposed to protect English, which strike me as legitimate reform, unless greatly softening. As the assistant both of factors to English speakers and of reform for the PQ's own hopeless of association with Canada after possible secession, I presume they will turn eventually to English-speaking Quebecers and prove that their respect for minorities is not just rhetoric.



**We have ended what some Quebecers still like to call the 'English colonial regime'**

tional, but not. For that part, I hope that English-speaking Quebecers will try to understand that deep historical reasons that have brought successive Quebec governments to protect the French language. I hope that they will try to articulate the reasonable rights of Quebec's minorities with freedom, security and dignity.

**Muscaire:** This clearly is a subject that you feel passionately about and you have and you need to continue to speak out on the whole area of relations between our two founding peoples. Why from the official language commission report it seems to me to be a perfect platform for you.

**Spicer:** Discussion was the election of the 1990 government in Quebec, which simply opened the other historic part of the language debate in Canada—the

past of Quebec within Confederation.

**Muscaire:** You don't talk about that to the language commission?

**Spicer:** Not the kind of things I would like to do. I would like to talk later on more about the psychological aspect of it, but put down in specific detail on the Commission and I don't do that with good sense, or dignity, or even legality. I think, by staying on in this job, I think a lot of people would say that I am really staying from the central purpose of the job which was to uphold linguistic equality in the federal public service.

**Muscaire:** There were rumors that you had a falling out with Pierre Trudeau.

**Spicer:** God, no. In December I decided that I should leave, so I saw Mr. Trudeau and he was kind enough to ask me to stay another year or two. Then I went back and confirmed that I was leaving. And I think that what I said in my [Steel] report is almost verbatim what I told Mr. Trudeau. And I think about 20% of what the government has done is a Godawful screw-up. About 80% is either excellent, really good or mediocre, so it is not bad, it is a defensible balance sheet for bilingualism. I am certainly not an opponent of the French Ministry, but I have immense respect for him.

**Muscaire:** Looking back over your seven years in office, do you have any regrets?

**Spicer:** I suppose I wish I had provided a little better, I was probably too conservative. I wish I had maybe pushed or lobbied the government a little to read my reports. The first four reports hardly got read at all by the government. The press read them, or at least read parts of them, but not the government.

**Muscaire:** Why not?

**Spicer:** I think that were two reasons. One was that a number of them were just too long. What I described to "lingualists as citizens." They thought that most they had passed the act and read it all to the national archives they should figure it. The second reason was that for about the first four years they were so transfixed by the 1969 debate on language that they didn't want to talk about it.

**Muscaire:** Did you ever feel that your official reports as a result from the usual mind-numbing bureaucratic documents we get?

**Spicer:** One calculation I made from the outset was to use frankness and honesty as political weapons. Because at the beginning we were dealing with a market of inactivity in the government. So there was a certain calculated industry and hard work on the side of saying certain things more strongly than we could have with a straight face. If we had said some of the really difficult things we say in the reports with an utterly straight face, we wouldn't have got away with them. That doesn't mean that I think the whole thing is a ploy. In fact, it is the opposite of that. I believe that balance, perspective and good humor are valuable political weapons in an atmosphere of respect and civility.

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# Letters

## What was Al Johnson doing? All Fotheringham had to do was ask

Allan Fotheringham very correctly insists that the car was never independent of any political pressure or direction in *Time Shall Have No Other Gods Before Thy God* (April 6). I assumed that the same thing, in even more unequivocal terms, during the recent heritage of political control of the car. Specifically I said I would never believe I would accept personal direction or pressure on the program about the management of the car. I only regret that on one part of history, Fotheringham got his facts wrong. He wrote and then said, "What Johnson was doing, selecting a person to be his bodyguard for a Liberal caucus, is a mystery that still remains. Since when did the president of the car have to become the target of one party's caucus?" A simple phone call to me would have given Fotheringham the answer. I did not "believe" or "argue" to become the target of one party's caucus. When I became president of the car, it made it known to the chairman of all party caucuses in the House of Commons that I would be given protection with them once a year to discuss any questions they, as members of Parliament, might have concerning the car and its parliamentary mandate. All parties responded liberally and I met all four party caucuses a year at 10% and again in 1977. On the basis of a plain and palpable error in fact, Fotheringham concludes that the implication of the president of the car "never made us his personal staff in his staff." This is manifest nonsense.

A. W. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT, CIBC OTTAWA

Reforming the system from within. I thank Dr. Gregory Bevan otherwise

April 4) is the first Christian dialogue within the Roman Catholic hierarchy who sends us for his comments. He is displaying the most Christian concern when he says that the church's teachings in the lives of western people is not relevant. Pope John made a lot of waves in the world and earned the respect of every Christian. I hope Bevan's comments would inform an outdated negative opinion.

MARIA THÉRèse WOLFELEY, SASK.

There were no shock waves felt by the intelligent Roman Catholic world when Dr. Gregory Bevan resigned from the priesthood, only relief. Dr. Bevan, in effect, is a Trojan Horse using his position to undermine the church. His views appeal only to those individuals who wish to justify their behavior and evade their responsibility to God and to society.

NEWMAN BUTLER, CAMBESIDE, ONT.

### Established

With reference to Allan Fotheringham's *Journal* *Wayne Smiley's Family* (January 1978), would you please explain whether it was J. L. Comstock or Fotheringham who awarded the late Mr. Hon. Arthur Meighan the posthumous English hood.

HOWELL SADDLER, BURNIE, BRUNSWICK, BC

The error was ours. By the way, the name is Mayberry.

### Not guilty, with an explanation

The *Journal* *That Could Replace Justice, And Even Go to the Moon* (April 4) contains some inaccurate and rather venomous accusations. Canastota's Libera-

tion, in the last paragraph, Meighan's statue. "Last year, in response to some physicians' led to an investigation of Canastota by the Canadian Medical Association, whose report found the lab's facilities to be 'grossly inadequate.'" The facts are:

At the time, the investigation of the quality and safety of Canastota's products was undertaken by the Canadian Council of Ministers of the Environment and a scientific committee. The committee's report, published in the press, stated that Canastota's products were not found to be harmful to health. The Canadian Council of Ministers of the Environment's report, published in the press, stated that Canastota's products were not found to be harmful to health. The Canadian Council of Ministers of the Environment's report, published in the press, stated that Canastota's products were not found to be harmful to health.

JOHN W. KIRKMAN, PRESIDENT, THE STERILIZATION COMPANY, TORONTO

Every old timer, the new order's arrival. Allan Fotheringham's *Money, Sex, Cars, and Happiness—And Why You Don't Have Them* (Check Out Alberta (March 21)) will undoubtedly give many Albertans hearty chuckles.

Fotheringham suggests that Albertans live in "a middle-bored, middle-class" and that we feel "trapped and trapped." What better response? It is showing that



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# Where there's a hope, there's a life

In the *Collapsing Of Britain* (April 4) Barbara Amiel has presented a picture of Britain that is too bleak and pessimistic to be useful any. Having recently visited England (my native land) I saw very little evidence of the gloom she is pessimistically caught out. If her article had been published in Britain she would have been laughed out of the country. Despite pessimistic reports to the contrary, the situation in Britain, although not good, is not as dire as she or her pessimists in the past have would have us believe.

BARBARA AMIEL  
TORONTO

The *Collapsing Of Britain* struck a familiar note which forced me to sit down and write again and diagnose the "English Disease". Since my recent return from a 17-year visit to England, I have tried explaining that country to many people, including myself. As Barbara Amiel discovered, the symptoms are legion. There are endless examples from public and private life, professional as well as amateur, of a national self-destructive, despairing or suicidal and I don't propose to indulge. They form at best a human to be despised and at worst a condition of helplessness in the past have would have us believe. One of the hallmarks of a sovereign state is the exercise of power. Britain no

longer calls the shots. On one hand, she is at a loss to international banks who loan money on their terms, imposing preconditions and policy restrictions, on the other hand, she is hesitant to trade unions who operate beyond the law, solely in the interests of their members. The present government has little more to maintain an election campaign would change little. Whatever party came to power, much of that power is preoccupied.

Democracy is a humiliating, dehumanizing failure. A nation of slaves—the submission of democracy and modernization—escape through the country like fog. You can feel it and smell it but try and put your finger on it. A tyranny and inequality have no meaning. Everything drifts.

MARGARET FLANNERY TORONTO

## The ethics of punishment

I was deeply moved by Michael Knight's excellent written article, *The Walls Of Anger* (March 11), on Canada's treatment of inmates in prisons—those who have been sentenced to fall into a different category than those of the rest of us. Obviously the heart of this problem rests in the heartlessness of the modern and punishingly minded public, and I would like to suggest that this public has been skewed in its individual childhood by parents and other influences who ride by the punishment in their lives. Every "bad child" grows up to become a member of the righteous society that believes "bad men" should be cut out from the human race. As we begin to realize that every child is born good, and learn how to preserve that goodness with loving care and the abolition of punishment and all the attitudes that go with it, we will move toward reducing in numbers the bad men on one side of the bars and the bad men on the other who judge them.

PATRICIA SADDY,  
BTS, AGENE DE FAMILIE QUEBEC

The *Walls Of Anger* is a classic example of the typical biased, self-interest, ultra-liberal view that the public is miserably being imposed on in *MacCosham's*. To expose cases of ignorance and cruelty inside our federal prisons is one thing—the people are entitled to the facts. However, to subject to us an obviously unimpaired piece of journalism involving Canada's criminals as social enemies is another thing.

DANIEL STATHOPOULOS, MAN

I want to compliment Michael Knight on his dynamic piece of work, *The Walls Of Anger*. He writes with admirable enthusiasm and objectivity, discussing the major issues and making them easily accessible to all those fortunate enough to have read the article. It is structurally flawless, making the records of documentation into a personal—both descriptive and conclusive.

WYATT SHAWMONT VANCOUVER

## And you shall remember?

In George Christie's *So Tell Me No* (Jan. 24) Barbara Amiel reports "But when the East End Boring and Youth Centre applied to Western (the extremely wealthy fund the Ontario lottery system has raised) for funds to keep the gym going, they didn't even rate as an asset." This is not correct. The only application the East End Boring and Youth Centre made to Western was on March 21, 1976, for boxing gloves and other equipment. The requested material was supplied on June 10.

PETER JACKMAN, DIRECTOR  
COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH  
MINISTRY OF CULTURE AND RECREATION  
TORONTO

According to *East End Boring Club* director Kenneth Cleveland, a letter of application for funds (not equipment) was made to Western by last year's director, Alan Mainie. Cleveland claims that Governor's letter received no response and that the club received no funds.

## The right thing for the right reasons

As Dennis McDermott (January 24) is put out because of the secondary acceptance by provincial and federal governments of federal wage and price controls, it doesn't seem to occur to McDermott that these governments accept controls on the basis of belief that they would protect the workingman, along with everyone else, from the ravages of inflation. As he said to your interviewer, without controls manufacturers are reducing their prices, but a wage has to be increased to a level of "most employed." So who stood to gain the most from controls? McDermott's thinking throughout your interview reveals the narrow-mindedness that one has come to expect of many officials (perhaps his remark about universities in places "not as as an alternative to work").

KENNETH BIRD,  
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY KINGSTON ONT

Your interview with Dennis McDermott of the *United Auto Workers* should help to dispel the backstage, negative attitude in Canada toward labor, unions and all their works while at the same time accepting without question arbitrary price increases from the corporate sector. Unfortunately this attitude has always received institutional backing from the professional class (the most powerful makers of all) and most of the Old Guard politicians.

W. J. GENDALL, CALGARY

## The Disney operation

It comes as no surprise that Jay Byrnes and Hudson Swadlow (January 24) as well as most North Americans fail to comprehend the underlying reality of Disney Land and Disneyland and consequently misunderstood Walter Stewart's *The Rise of Disney* (February 11).

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During the past year we offered the Unlimited coats (our Standard Reference style) for \$225.00. However, worldwide demand for sheepskin along with bizarre weather conditions has caused a shortage of sheep. Next year's price rises are inevitable.

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## Want to Look Younger?

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Don't deny yourself (or those around you) the pleasure of looking younger. Now that the secret of a unique beauty lotion discovered by beauty consciousness and known to knowledgeable women in many parts of the world who look as young as possible, no matter what their birthdays. This skin-loving liquid is known as Oil of Olaj's "beauty lotion."

Oil of Olaj works with nature in a marvellously sophisticated way to help smooth away the unsightly dryness that can accent late life wrinkle lines that too often make you look older than you are. Certainly older than you need to look. Smooth Oil of Olaj on your face and throat. Within moments, you can feel your skin grow softer and smoother. And you'll actually see a dewy, radiant glow.

This precious lotion works along with your skin's own natural moisture in easing dryness. You'll be surprised how quickly and completely Oil of Olaj penetrates. And there's no greasy after-feeling on your skin. So of course it's an ideal makeup base, allowing your cosmetics to stay

smooth and fresh-looking hour after hour. And, as an added bonus, Oil of Olaj helps maintain the natural moisture balance of your skin, where it works effectively to help maintain a more youthful-looking complexion.

Devoted users apply Oil of Olaj, with its wealth of pure moisture, along with uppeal oil and other emollients, at least twice each day. At bedtime, to let the beauty lotion work its wonders into the night. Again in the morning, either under makeup or to provide a moist, moist environment for the complexion. You may choose to use Oil of Olaj even more often, whenever you feel dry and taut, or you'll like the moisture level of your skin increased.

Want to look younger? Perhaps that's a foolish question to ask any woman who has ever peered into a mirror and looked for the first sign of those little wrinkle lines you may call Crow's feet or Laugh lines. Foolish question or not, you may well find the answer when you use Oil of Olaj.

### Beauty Secrets

If you wear makeup only when you go out, don't let your face go unmoisturized at home. Use Oil of Olaj for a constant part of your morning grooming. You'll enjoy the way your new looks and fresh

Artificial "wrinkles" (like those that may lower beauty's) can be hard on your skin. You can help minimize the effects by extra application of Oil of Olaj.

The Walt Disney entertainment empire, one of America's largest and most successful enterprises, ranked 502nd in the nation with sales exceeding \$475 million. The corporate structure that manages this vast assemblage of entertainment and popular culture is a model of modern organization. What makes it so profitable is the skilled utilization of a systems approach to entertainment and especially to the use of the mass media. The Disney empire dominates largely, though no longer exclusively, in animation. The traditional message transmitted by Disney films, tape, comic books in the great outdoors and in a barbers' parlor can be articulated as: *A child's world in which there is no moral conflict. The world is a happy place and the American middle class experiences the world at its best. There are some "bad guys," but they are individuals, not representatives of significant social divisions.*

While the teenage wander through the self-degraded "hippest place on earth" in animation conformity drinking, eating and reeling at their own considerable expense, they may eventually enter the "Hall of Freedom." Here they will be provided to listen to a speech of Abraham Lincoln's that is surprisingly recent (oversight). There is no evidence in the speech of the slavery issue or the Civil War. This empty and yet very meaningful message, an ironic reflection on the American ideal in what the entertainment that Walt Disney Productions creates is all about—the coexistence of social meaning and the reinforcement of the status quo. Disney was animality, intuition and reverence to make the web of interest that links a society and historically determined and concretely related system, North American Imperialism.

LEE BENDER  
BACHELOR OF ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES  
TORONTO

### This fellow Turner had much to provide

Barney Lewis' *The Turner Campaign* (March 21) admirably portrayed some of the frustrations and failures in work on the Canadian body politic as we all watch with bewilderment the unfolding of this leader-in-exile scenario. With the law offices of McMillan Bloch he is Turner when the very French village of Colony-in-Quebec was to be Charles de Gaulle, a dramatic writing piece dominated by his agent presence which ridiculously stood in as eloquent a contrast to the crumbling regime that he became the obvious one for the people to return back to guide their country through its hour of need. Or will it instead simply become the political graveyard of one who showed such promise as a writer, better than, but who now has retreated deeply into the impersonal boardrooms of the nation that he will be well beyond control, not to mention shared concerns, of the common people of Canada should they wish to recall him from exile?

J. PATRICK ROYER TORONTO

# How to walk your life into shape.

Walking is so simple a child can do it.

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Here are some tips from the booklet, *Walking and Hiking*.

### Your Pace

A good walk should be accomplished with enthusiasm. Start at a normal pace. As your heartbeat races, you'll feel you can move a bit faster. Swing your arms naturally so that they help you move.

Increase your pace by pushing firmly off your toes. You shouldn't experience any



## Walking and Hiking

discomfort but you should be conscious of your effort. Your breathing should be deep and regular.

### Your Pack

Your walking ambitions will determine the size and type of pack you need. Any good pack is light but strongly constructed, and should keep contents dry. For additional protection, cover it when it rains.

Don't buy a super pocketed, multi-zipped monster pack if you're planning a few day trips carrying a couple of peanut butter sandwiches.

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that a new champion in Canada is slowly and forthrightly working the crown of rigor, vitality and vision from weary and world-central Canada? Dent Allan: Canada does not stay at the St. Clair river. It has occupied the boards of the Upper Canadian spectrum. It has been growing steadily for years with a vitality and a maturity unmatched by other Canadians.

JARISSE CAMPBELL, EDMONTON

**The possibilities do seem endless...**  
Shay Or Go? (April 4) on the spurs of the poor English-speaking Quebecer was into class. Now I have no doubt that you are preparing a follow-up for your audience. The cover of Maclean's shows a Canadian flag, probably not a French one, with the title: *Shay, Or Go? The Agency Of The French-Speaking Canadian* and inside: *Canada's French A Patchwork Mosaic*. After that one, you will also be well advised to have an issue packing a certain literary living pushed out by two flags.

LEONCE PAUL, OTTAWA

**Errors of commission:**  
My debut as Maclean's dance writer in *Good Things Do Come In Small Packages* (April 4) was not particularly auspicious. There are no fewer than four errors. Two of these, a typographical mistake and a factual error (the National Ballet has 62, not 65 dancers) are relatively minor. But the misreporting of the name of Marlene A. Marlowe and Norbert Vesak as embarrassing and unconscionable, particularly since these individuals are so well known in the Canadian performing arts scene.

JOHN AYER, TORONTO

**The retraining of the railroad**  
In *Worley's On The Railroad* (March 28), Marlowe might have looked at the growing movement across Canada for improved passenger train service. Instead of producing the usual negative, clichéd about money-losing trains. No attention is made of the untapped potential in energy savings with a modern, efficient rail service, nor of the value to the environment of a nearly pollution-free mode whose land requirements are minimal. The article also ignores fundamental reasons for the present state of passenger rail in Canada: massive federal assistance; a subsidy for air transport and provincial investment in highways (both of which are "money-losing"), but especially nothing for rail; a blatant anti-rail bias in Long's Ministry of Transport, so preoccupied with Michael Androsch, socialist that it is incapable of taking rail seriously; or Rail's deliberate efforts to discourage passengers; or valiant attempts to convert streets (battered by worn, misused of funds, via Rail can and will succeed if Canada's priorities are changed, i.e. if a fraction of the money lavished on airports and freeways is invested in rail.

MICHAEL JACOBSON, CHICAGO  
NABEAD NEWAR KAL, COMMITTEE, REGINA

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BIBLIOGRAPHY: 1973 81

how much of its own energy resources it needs keep, and how much could be exported. As the bargaining of the decade, the federal government was still putting the arm on the United States to buy more oil when it was seen in Canada's interest to have a supply of gas and oil. At its meeting in March, 1979, Imperial Oil said in its annual report:

"Canada is not in any way deficient in its energy resources. Our present energy reserves, using present technology, are sufficient for our requirements for several hundred years." But now, Brian MacLean, industrial director of the Canadian Petroleum Association (CNA), a principal source of the government's information to reserve administrators, acknowledges that "most educated persons have come back to us saying," "Mostly, really, really, how much oil there is. The CNA now is anticipating a 'worldwide energy crunch' around 1985, give or take a couple of years." While Canada's status of abundance is being exposed, the rest of imported fuel is soaring, and that in turn puts considerable pressure on domestic prices. So the woodcutters of Nova Scotia, along with the residents of all fuel-hungry provinces, can only look forward to higher prices in the traditional sources of energy.

The nuclear energy story is also unfolding in unexpected directions. That super-crisis of the Fifths, the wonderful technology where Canada now itself as a leader in "peaceful uses," is showing all the signs of turning into a turbulent nightmare. On the international level, India has used Canadian material to produce a bomb and the sales program for the CANDU reactor has been hampered by charges that it has been used to make weapons. At home, big questions are being asked about various facets of nuclear technology, ranging all the way from fears of a nuclear explosion (the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission accepts a probable casualty figure of 3,300 in the most conceivable accident) to the idea about making the uranium fuel in the first place. And there is still nowhere to turn the growing pile of waste that nobody wants in its own back yard. The people of Madison may have won their fight now, but will they stick to it?

Given this situation, it is still embarrassing Canadian energy policy being grouped as the energy autonomy package for the next century? No, the short answer is simply the talks will be dominated, as they have been for the last four years, by one single topic: the prickly internal political question of oil pricing. While Canada oil prices have remained stubbornly below the world level, it's becoming clearer all the more that the lack of attention to Canada's fact makes over the next decade and longer has left overall energy strategy in a state of confusion. "It is not what energy policy," says British Columbia's minister John Hume. "It remains a mess, and probably worse than that." But at the same time, the Quebec minister Guy Jodan says he'll fight any federal attempt to in-

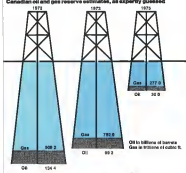


Consequences of Oil and Gas: a Bruce nuclear generator? It's about the garbage.

ter to be better more than an extension of the oil and gas. The pre-1973 boom for oil and gas reserves determination was essentially a geologic "game" where a combination of the volume of oil and gas that should be contained in rock formations based on past experience. Now, however, federal estimates recognize that it's not what is there but what can be produced that counts. Reserve estimates are no longer based on what's thought to be in the ground, but on "producibility." Consequently, they have plummeted dramatically. So, while some potential and untapped gas reserves are still as optimistic as ever about how much oil and gas lies under Canada, the focus now is on known rather than potential supplies.

One of the reasons even the oil companies accept a most conservative estimate of reserves is that it provides a basis for convincing—some, anyway—federal governments and the public into paying more for oil and gas, even from sources discovered years ago. The argument is that

Canadian oil and gas reserve estimates, as expertly guessed



the additional energy is needed to run the previously belittled "potential" reserves into actual production. This approach was used most recently in a concerted industry campaign to get approval for a Mackinac Valley gas pipeline and financial support for tar sands tar heavy oil development. Thus, the 1973 oil and gas estimates in large measure have a payoff on the end of oil industry stories. In fact, the recently cancelled Binger inquiry into the impact on the north of a Mackinac Valley pipeline the report goes to the government May 97 did turn to contain important and relevant information about the pipeline proposals than the 1973 was able to do with a larger staff. One result of petroleum industry development is the growing evidence that its vast gains from the high-cost exploration as the Beaufort Sea and elsewhere—what Canada now needs from Canada's Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd. says a Mackinac Valley pipeline, coming about eight billion dollars, must be built to transport relatively small quantities of gas (five to six billion cubic feet proven to date). Others in the industry argue there is at least 30 million cubic feet of extra gas available in Alberta over the next decade. And some doubt that's all there is to be tapped deep under the Rocky Mountains foothills and that these reserves should be the first to be tapped.

Alberta's Energy Minister Don Getty says there isn't a national energy policy because of the complexity of managing the various parts of Canada, combined with

rapid changes within the energy business. "We'll never roll up with one [national policy] until it's almost too late," he says. Meanwhile, Alberta has its own policy, take care of Alberta first, then what's left over. Other countries have had to swallow world oil price hikes while Canada has been able to pay as it's "unbelievably protected." Alberta Now Getty is going to the next reserves meeting with a two dollar per barrel raise as "cheaper rock bottom" for negotiations. And an increase of that rate would have serious consequences for consumers. Every time the price of crude oil goes up one dollar in the world, the cost of oil and gas contained in Ontario goes up \$100 million a year; the average homeowner pays \$25 more a year for oil, the average driver pays \$20 a year for gas and \$300 per tonne of steel. So, the oil and gas of a barrel of crude oil has gone up by almost six dollars and Getty wants two dollars more. Ontario's Energy Minister James Stewart is trying to ease himself as the consumer's friend in the battle with Ontario—and Alberta—over energy prices. He has no complaints, and that of other critics, is that the money raised in each state there is a price that's always and up where it should—in the development of new sources of energy.

Since uranium is the only non-consumable energy source Ontario possesses in large quantities (it has 30% of known Canadian reserves) it is not surprising that the province is leading the way in nuclear generation of electricity. Ontario Hydro's first reactors went into operation in the

Pickering station in 1971, one of 1975. Another 300-600 MW is scheduled for a vast increase in nuclear generating capacity between 1979 and the mid-1980s. A massive investment for one province, especially considering the growing worldwide strength of the anti-nuclear movement (see page 42). As typified by AECC's confrontation with the people of Alouette, the biggest problem stemming from this increasing reliance on nuclear energy is what to do with the dangerous waste. The four reactors in Pickering daily produce 40 spent fuel "bundles," each containing, among other things, about 100 grams of plutonium, a highly radioactive substance that takes up to 250,000 years to lose its potency. The bundles are temporarily stored on the generating station site, but pressure is increasing on AECC to find a waste disposal ground.

The international nuclear debate has also taken root in Saskatchewan, with the battle lines clearly drawn between the nuclear power, mining, and uranium companies (the province's rich northern uranium deposits) and a loosely formed coalition of labour, church and environmental groups who are staunch production as a means to the province. The New Democratic Party's annual convention last fall attracted the government to hold public hearings to study the implications of uranium mining, refining and processing in Saskatchewan and in an international context. The government was told to conduct new consultations for uranium mining and to bring about the results of the hearings as known, probably by November.

Recent history has provided the opportunity of uranium production in Saskatchewan to make their case. First, there were the minehead radiation leaks discovered in Port Hope, Ontario, caused by contaminated material seeped from an Eldorado facility. Then, after radiation gas levels were found to be far above the normal levels in those schools and several houses in Uranium City in northern Saskatchewan. And then it was the spilling question of radioactive waste. The government's plan, it's not nuclear power but what some refer to as the "lucky" side of the business (oil and uranium), for example that uranium enrichment, as three million dollars, federally funded research and development, is in production this year. The four Manitoba provinces have largely gone their own way in energy matters. However, in one step toward a better coordination of energy matters, three provinces have set up a new Manitoba Energy Corporation and the hope that Newfoundland will be included ultimately.

Meanwhile, the various parts of Canada move as they can, with the growing tilt to the status quo. James MacLennan, an industrial scientist in the Manitoba government, is willing to pay for the 47.5¢ power price increase, attractive to Manitoba. It's also back-dating a illegal and it's pre-

pared to go to jail rather than pay. And though the province is selling off hardwood from Crown lands at three dollars a cord for home heating, it isn't meeting the demand. The army of amateur woodworkers tends to shuffly off using fast prices in the woods.

**WORST-MARRIAGE WITNESSES REPORTS**

## QUEBEC

### Reality therapy

While Quebec has experimented with the dictates of the *Three Obediences* White Paper on language—a debate which promised to rage far worse—radicalism seems growing that René Lévesque's government is living to regret some of its choices on language and minority rights. In fact, the months after being elected, it began to show signs of behaving—at least in economic matters—more like any other provincial government than like one in a role of the referendum which had crisscrossed for advice to the full Assembly. Economic independence remained a distant defined objective; there were a number of embarrassing examples of behavior for which the role which in opposition had bitterly criticized the Liberals.

Some were trivial incidents which brought shameless greed and shreds to government faces. In the fall, the road strongly favored the Liberals for going against the civil service to cut Quebec City Mayor Richard Durois in a request to delay raises in public service taxes. However, during the Quebec Provincial Police strike just before Election, the provincial newspaper turned out to be "so much more than the Daily Star." Durois, with a slightly disheveled grin, "he was involved, and there was no reason to take him off it." Similarly while in opposition the Parti Québécois had bitterly attacked the construction of federal highways during the regular Friday morning session period in the Assembly. But House Leader Robert Borne was forced to note the identical reply the Liberals had given to a similar: "the highways were required, whether the only law to make it was passed before Friday morning or not."

The refusal of power in a debt-ridden province came home most vividly with Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau's first budget. Although it wailed with the same old same old of a Galtbrink, (opening of "the money destiny of unemployment insurance and welfare payments to reach the maximum wage Parizeau quipped) "you can't blame the taxpayer for knowing how to control the money," he requested a better pill for the most highly taxed citizens in the country. The costly promises were postponed, borrowing was increased, and the taxpayer was hit with higher income tax, registered sales tax on restaurant meals and, perhaps toughest of all, an 18% sales tax on children's shoes and clothes.

In particular the Liberals' refusal to ac-

## Eat your worms, Johnny, or no sea slugs for dessert

George Meunier admits to being an earthworm freak but, even though he's now collecting worm recipes, he'd rather live at being called a fascist. "I really don't expect people to run out and start eating earthworms, but I would like to make people more aware of their political," he says.

Man 55, a longtime northern farmer (and the Université had farm in Richer, Manitoba, 30 miles east of Winnipeg, 500 km. The worms have achieved their political aim left and has a source of an excellent (and live) fertilizer made from their excrement, or castings. Now Meunier has moved on, experiencing Canada's first worm-based compost. "Tasty worms are used in a great source of fertilizer," he says, since they are about 80% protein (compared to about 20% for a steak). Meunier has tried them whole, in cookies and in hamburger patties but has been encouraged by the results—no change of health. "You don't taste a thing," he insists.

As might be feared with worms, there is a catch. To be rendered into this beautiful state they must be kept alive in peat moss for 24 hours (to clean their insides), then boiled three times in water and then to remove external impurities. The final step is cooking at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Once dehydrated, they can be stored for weeks, even months.



Meunier munching a worm-cooked succulent?

Meunier is content with a \$100 food price has drawn dozens of critics, ranging in tone from the factious to the super-sensuous. There are worm-filled cabbage rats, worms in hollandaise sauce, worms soup. The contest closes May 21, but in the meantime Meunier is promoting his worms' political as weather forecast, as recyclers of garbage. He says they'll tackle anything except glass and metal and convert it into fertilizer. He dreams of the day he'll have wormholes in his own waste (he says he'll recycle garbage). "I can't ignore the way we have been, spreading millions of dollars' worth of garbage. The moment of truth will soon come. For George Meunier, it's spelled W-O-R-M-S."

damage in the hands of the private insurance companies, while setting up the re-insurance fund plan for personal accident. The plan is in place and shows an admirable sense of priority in placing people ahead of business, but it will only reduce by 10% the cost of premiums for Quebecers, who will have to pay more for a guarantee than any other province. The insurance act of the 80s administration, as it worked with the problems of austerity, have produced the



Parizeau principles lead the way

first sign of a slight shift in what has been seen as a worm of a substantial theory—between the new government, the public and the press. **GLADIAN BAKER**

## OTTAWA

### The miracle of sight

It was a ghastly accident—an exploding pyrotechnic coal charged with sulfur dioxide gas—that robbed Gordon Sheppard of his sight 10 years ago. Sheppard, now Ottawa director of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, had come to a white cone over seas, despite three correct tonnage in the 1960s. But nearly two years ago, in a last-ditch effort, Sheppard and two other blind people dimly heard an eye operation cover before him in Canada. It involved a rare technique, but more than three million in diameter, seemed like a hole into a plastic disc in the corner ("window") of the eye. Sheppard's operation was at first cloudy in the afternoon. By night the rest of the world was reading the headlines of a local Ottawa newspaper. Evidently Sheppard "It's pretty easy to say when one day you have no eyes, and the next day doctors take off the blind and they're blind!"

Today following Sheppard's successful operation, Ottawa's General Hospital remains the only one in the country that soon intends performing similar surgery on other blind people who might be helped by the highly refined technique. Sheppard is the director of Dr. Hernandez Cardenas, eye surgeon at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. Despite repeated failures, Cardenas' work now leads the way in offering eye hope to those blinded by corneal diseases and who can't be helped by standard eye surgery. Of the 30,000 blind people across Canada, the ones awaiting about 200—those who suffer from blindness—could benefit from Cardenas' surgery.

The reason for waiting so long before undertaking subsequent operations, as explained by Dr. John Stuart, the person who assisted the initial three operations, was, "a marketing failure in planning the progress of Sheppard and the others. Shortly after, Stuart, the doctor who headed the second team left Canada for the United States ("marketing" proved to be a word for my decision to go," he said). That day when the operations are resumed, Stuart will be replaced by another surgeon who has also studied Cardenas' technique. Unfortunately, the other two patients were not as lucky as Sheppard—one patient knew nothing of the operation until it was over and the other, the 74-year-old Mrs. Mary Borne, was 50 years old in 20 years but only for one month, and was conscious as at one. Still, Stuart remains convinced that the procedure is viable. He bases his evidence on 400 to 500 such operations performed in the United States. Dr. Anthony Dones, from the Columbia Presy-



terian Medical Center in New York, for instance, reports in a published medical paper a sampling of 34 eyes treated with Cardenas' plastic grafts. Of these 28 eyes (82%) showed no corneal abnormalities, and 26 of them were able to read. Most had used past Sight Days. "On the second night, it shouldn't work," he should become informed and full on. "I provided the best of the night it has provided a wonderful day."

Cardenas' perspective lens is not a patch for the blind and does have severe limitations. Sheppard sees only out of his right eye, in which the lens was inserted and he has no peripheral vision. He also has no depth perception, and both his eyes are sensitive to light. Nevertheless, his own eyes handling their own thing, Cardenas' work has been even as in his job, which includes many more than a dozen and a half years, and a great deal of the successful first blind.

"It may be perfect from your point of view but from my point of view it was just a great revelation," he says. Dr. Gordon Hernandez, chairman of the department of ophthalmology at the University of Ottawa, who studied with Cardenas and was responsible for introducing the technique to the Ottawa community, says, "For that one patient in this operation is like winning a million-dollar lottery." **JULIANNE LAWRENCE**

## CHARLOTTETOWN

### The endless doggers

The two accused stood before the judge in silent, unspoken defiance while the charges against them were read—breaking

Sheppard's blind reading newspaper for the first time in 20 years, and the attending doctor's life beyond description.

and during the night, some shouting it was not their first time in court, and it probably won't be their last. Not was an unconscious court scene, except for a disturbing detail: the accused were male and 13 years old and in Charlestown, both in that age group are extremely high in the criminal records.

The Prince Edward Island capital, a city of just 16,366 is experiencing a mean crime wave involving gangs of teenagers and pre-teens and their hidden, violent, violent, a moment of the young crooks created by Fugio in *Over the Top*. Says Charlestown's financial police chief Don Saunders: "These are not the average young boys that get picked up after doing something foolish. I don't mean children have done something that was wrong, illegal, immoral, but once we get caught we realized we'd done something and we were innocent. But that is what the case built in. I'd even go so far as to say they were children rather than adults."

Don Reid, registrar of the family court system, says nearly 200 cases came before the court last year, and that's a small percentage of cases actually handled by the justice. "The crime really is delinquent parents. A lot of this is through alcoholism, mental problems, no parental control. A lot of children feel the world is against them, that they're not loved by their parents, not getting along in school." Reid says it's not uncommon now for 13-year-olds running the streets at 2 a.m.

In the past month alone, youngsters have been caught in 15 to 20 break-ins, car thefts, purse snatchings or other small crimes. One elderly woman was robbed of all the money in her bag by two young girls who came back home on the pretense of making a telephone call. She reported that several of the girls were under 10 years old. The young thieves are rarely caught in court, but Saunders says police rehabilitation work is often frustrated by lack of parental concern. Some kids put





Searchers the lines, neatly, have changed

right back into their legal activities "as fast as before, our officers are finding among their reports," he says. "None of our police officers are paid in the position of taking a young person home and there's nobody home anyway. Or if the parents are at home, they're in no condition to be supervising officers." A cocaine addict among parents is thus pretty much bound to look for "the real evidence," not picking up children. "In the old days if we took a kid home we didn't have to worry about taking him to court because dad would look after the whole situation. The major problem now is that the parents aren't concerned and they aren't taking action," Saunders says.

Social workers' probation officers and police now are waiting for reasons being considered in the Federal Juvenile Delinquency Act, a 1958 law slightly updated in 1978. They expect more emphasis will be put on services to help young offenders. Meanwhile, the people of Charleston want their teens and look up their cars, while the street scene has changed in defiance of the law of their parents and of their poverty in which many of them live.

SEASIDE, CALIF.

## B.C.

### Going better with coke

She was angry about it. He was a nice-looking, smiling man to hurry up and accept it, for God's sake, the waitress was coming. There they were a fashionable young couple with respectable suits and expensive social credentials, meeting in a restaurant and showing off the wife as one of Vancouver's successful actresses. Across from the younger brother of a friend of hers had her parents worried. He hadn't been a steady boyfriend in a year and he would not even be able to control his anger. His mother was going crazy of all this stuff. She would have been frantic had she known her son's increasingly noisy nose was just one of the more annoying side effects from a little mistle he had been

to know and two-sitting cocaine, a stimulant once known as "the speed break's" cousin, too expensive and hard to obtain for everyday use, but now enjoying such popularity it is somewhat of a phenomenon in North America. And it is in Canada it is more so than in Vancouver, partly because of the city's proximity to California, where Hollywood and San Francisco are the hotbeds of cocaine use, and partly because of Vancouver's own booming film industry.

"Oh, there's no doubt about it," says senior Inspector Jack White, head of the drug enforcement unit in British Columbia. "It's the 'in' thing to do now, for some reason, and I don't presume to know why. You take your pick—definitely usual, only dumb long-haired kids smoke pot any more. You go to a swinging party with pot and you'll be talked out of the door. You've got to sport cocaine to be really in." Because it is legal, and because very few laws are enforced to prevent it, it is difficult to determine how many people are using the "in" drug. But conviction in Vancouver for trafficking in cocaine went from two in 1968 to 97 in 1974, the last year for which figures are available.

Vancouver's conviction rates seem to be over 40% of those in solving cocaine in Canada, and a city police sergeant, in the Combined Law Enforcement Unit, predicts that by next year, use of cocaine will have gone up nearly 200% from 1968. "One thing we do know is that the profit motive for dealing in cocaine is almost as great as when you're selling heroin," says White, who quotes the going street level price for a pound of cocaine at \$20,000, compared with \$25,000 to \$28,000 for a pound of heroin. Unlike heroin, cocaine sold usually by the gram (\$10 to \$100) or by the ounce (\$15 to \$50) is relatively pure and much of the cleanest, far from being the junkie's drug, is often well-entrenched members of the middle and upper classes, wealthy professionals, artists, students, people with taste and money on their hands who get bored with grass and hashish a long time ago, but still need to get high. Says one Vancouver dealer who deals with drug addicts: "It's the kind of drug that builds down society's perception of the drug problem as a we-then proposition where the bad guys are the users. A lot of responsible people want coke. It's the only hard-core drug I wouldn't mind trying myself."

The pleasures of cocaine, powder ground from the leaves of the coca plant, grown almost exclusively in South America, were made legendary by the late psychological Sigmund Freud. "You possess an unconscious self-control and possess more vitality and capacity for work," he noted. Sherlock Holmes also used to shoot it, and back in the 1880s before it was made illegal, cocaine was promoted by the surgeon general of the United States as the official remedy of the American Hay Fever Association. But like every drug,

there is a dark side. Although not shown to be addictive, continued use of cocaine can be psychologically debilitating.

Police in Vancouver say the drug is dangerous because it increases the potential for violence (just like the use of amphetamines) and they are warning to the black robbers and homebodies not to use of the drug. Casual users rarely admit that although there is no physical pain on the morning after a cocaine binge (which usually involves a great snoring several people, with the effects of one's overstimulation an hour) there is definitely depression if only, as one honest but fashionable restaurant put it, "because you think, 'Oh it's such a lovely drug, why can't I have some more?'" There is also the social pressure. Says one shop owner, "Cocaine use is so prevalent on here among my friends that I feel like a leper every time I say no thanks." One of the most surprising aspects of the cocaine trend has been its reported use by lawyers. A lawyer told (Newly) that at least one member of the Crown Prosecutor's office is known to be a regular user, while another lawyer mentioned being present at a drug conspiracy trial where the lawyer (not the defendant) were "tossing him [you know] in the courtroom." That was absolutely unbelievable news to one member of the law society. Mary Southon who maintains:

"We're such gossips in this business that I would have heard about it, but we haven't had once a word of this happening." It could be telling cocaine, a dealer can draw anything from six months to seven years for trafficking and the possibility of a jail sentence is enough to make most of Vancouver's professional people ultra discreet about their use of the drug, while they think it is one of the best things in the world for a quick fix.

Says one lawyer: "Everybody's used to cocaine. It's a heavy mood. Talking about it would bring in places like the newspaper, the bastion from the law society. Do I want coke? I wouldn't tell my own mother."

For some reason, he didn't think to say so.

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# This year in Jerusalem

Israel on the eve of a make-or-break election

By Michael Enright



They call this place the good fence. The fence runs the length of the border between Lebanon and Israel but here, at the village of Merdita in Northern Galilee, there is a gap. And each morning again, the gate opens to allow into Israel Lebanese civilians who come to buy goods, to work or to receive medical attention for themselves and their children. By this spring the fence had been open for little more than a year. It came about, quite by accident. Marxist Christians, living in the south of Lebanon, were cut off from normal supplies of food fuel and even water during the bloody Lebanese civil war. They came to the fence, pleading for medical care, for food, for clothing. Gradually, the men border of Lebanon grew. First ambulances, then mobile clinics were positioned by the Israelis at Merdita and at four other points along the fence. Later the Israeli army allowed some Lebanese to take on jobs in Merdita and neighboring towns. Recently, as a result, there were about 800 Lebanese civilians working in Israel, earning the fence each morning, earning Israeli wages but paying no income tax. Medical care is free. Alcohol, it is a remarkable phenomenon. For these decades, Lebanon, with its large Muslim population, had been firmly sealed off from the neighboring Jewish state of Israel. Now, in the early spring, with wild fires beginning to die the hills, a door has opened between them. And the hope in Israel this year, with a crucial national election looming this month,



is for more doors, but more openings—and perhaps ultimately for peace with all of Israel's Arab neighbors. This morning, traffic at the good fence is light. Mothers with babies and small children have come to see a doctor and a nurse. A Lebanese businessman comes over to buy some farm goods. About 300 feet back from the fence is an Israeli watchtowers post, manned by two young soldiers who scan the hills with binoculars. On a ridge, perhaps two miles away on the Lebanese side, is the ruin of an ancient Crusader's castle. Inside this castle sit Palestinian Al Fatah guerrillas. The small triangle of land stretching north and out of Merdita is called Fat'h-had. In the beginning of the good fence, the Crusaders shelled the fence with heavy-made Katyusha rockets to discourage the villagers from crossing. And on this day, one occasionally could still hear the sound of rifle and small arms fire from the Lebanese hills in Lebanon's war-torn region. Major Shimon Krulik, an military adviser, says calmly. "By the way, if anything should start, just duck down be-



Pines (far left), an on-leave Israeli soldier with his daughter, and Robin about his dog and war may be in hand, but the dogs of inflation run rampant.

hind the mud-brick and stay there." But on this hot, arid day, nothing happens. These Lebanese soldiers, an officer and two sergeants, come through the gate and shake hands with the Israeli officer in charge. The Israeli asks the Lebanese prisoners for their goods which he turns over to the Lebanese captain. On the side of the fence, only Lebanese officers ask every Lebanese.

The same here, when Herod grew up in a nearby Lebanese village and formerly worked as a Beirut hospital. "We get many, many sick children who are brought over by their parents," he explains. "Over them they can get a good job, on the side we can't limit the number of them." During the last 10 months, more than 35,000 Lebanese civilians have been treated in the Israeli hospitals. Today, a walk track pulls up beyond the fence and Lebanese workers stand a hose to an Israeli water pump. The water is for nearby villages that do not have the fuel needed to pump their own water. "When you look into their faces," says Krulik, nodding toward some young Lebanese girls, "you get the impression that they're coming to a family picnic."

The lobby of the Tel Aviv Hilton is swish with North American tourists. In early April it is virtually impossible to get a hotel room anywhere in Israel because of the flood of visitors for the Passover festival. For the rich, the Hilton is a comfortable starting point. A few days here to adjust to jet lag and military shock and then the house moves off to Haifa, Jerusalem and Galilee. This year, Israelis are expecting more visitors than ever. Inside the Hilton it could just as easily be Miami Beach as Tel Aviv. One can buy bananas that say a CHERRY HAWAIIAN on a PLATEAU AT THE WESTERN WALL. The fence is a Neoplatonic modern wrapped in a California goldfish.

Coming around a corner, I literally bump into former Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion. There are countless apologies. (Is there any other ark of the size with so many internationally recognizable politicians—Moss, Moshe Dayan, the late David Ben-Gurion, former foreign minister Abba Eban and so many others?) These days Golda Meir lives in the Tel Aviv suburb and makes herself to the hotel to address visiting Jewish groups. She is Jewish grandmother to the world and today she moves through the lobby like a Midwestern schoolteacher (on the other way on holiday). Her face, seemingly carved in soapstone, is benign, strong and resilient. It says that she has been through a lot. Later, at the elevator, two Jews, one young and Jewish, the other middle-aged and conspicuously American, get to chatting. The American says, "Did you see her, did you see Golda down in the lobby?" The young Frenchman laughs pleasantly. "No, I didn't. Perhaps if she were 30 years younger and prettier, I would have recognized her." This perturbs the American, who retorts: "Yeah, well, if she was 50 years younger, you wouldn't be here."

Israel in the spring of 1977. An unusually sunny society, it is alternately confident, cautious, anticipatory, fatalistic, but never resigned nor submissive. Nearly everyone you talk to here agrees that 1977 is a pivotal year for Israel one way or another. After four wars in 20 years of independence and the constant presence of 400,000 living on the edge of new borders, there is a subtle feeling that this year there will be movement toward some kind of peace between Israel and her neighbors. Israel wants some harbinger of peace as they can get on with the complex business of living ordinary lives. The explosion that was generated by the Six-Day War of 1967, exploded in the earthquake of near defeat during the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and was revived only briefly after last July's raid on Sabilla airport in Uganda to rescue hostages. Jewish Israeli passengers. There is a sense, perhaps born of hope as much as anything else, that this year



Meeting of the Israeli-Lebanese "Good Fence," and a sibling contrast—real and symbolic—of the old development and the new Israeli-Israeli Jewry.

prison is written rock. One British diplomat is guardedly blunt about the national mood: "If 1977 held and there were no new moves toward peace, then war is inevitable, but that's like saying day follows night. The Israelis are confident over the fact that if everything fails, there will be another war, which they will undoubtedly win but at an increasing cost in the lives of their young. They know there will be no more Six Day War for them."

For the rising Labor Party, tormented by a string of scandals and internal upheaval, 1977 will be politically a make or break year. On May 18, Likud goes to the polls in what was being viewed as the most important election in the nation's history—and one complicated unnecessarily by the political disgrace to Agent of Premier Yitzhak Rabin. Rabin was forced to step down as his party's candidate for the prime ministership after it was discovered that his wife had accepted an illegal bank account in Washington, D.C. Rabin himself was listed as co-owner of the account. It is contrary to Israeli law for any citizen to hold foreign currency at home or abroad without the Treasury's permission. Rabin was fined \$1,200 and his wife, Leah, a sum of \$27,000. Hastily retrenching, the Labor Party named Defense Minister Shimon Peres—a longtime political oppo-

nent of Rabin's—as its new candidate for premier after Peres succeeded in fending off a political challenge by Foreign Minister Yigal Allon.

The Rabin affair was only the latest in a string of scandals that have beset the Labor Party, which has ruled Israel since 1948 in concert with various smaller splinter parties. In January, Abba Eban, the nation's housing minister, shot himself on a Tel Aviv beach after newspapers listed openly an affair with a woman during the time he headed a large construction company. Then in February, Asher Yadin, a prominent member of the Labor Party and Rabin's nominee to become head of the Bank of Israel, was sentenced to five years for accepting bribes, done with allegations that some of the money Yadin received found its way into Labor's campaign funds.

The Labor Party under Rabin was in trouble in other areas as well—both for pushing forward a foreign policy that confused and disoriented Israelis and for pushing over an economy that seemed largely out of control. The economy is regarded by a hyper-inflation that last year roared ahead by 15% and this year will reach more than 30%. Prices are soaring sky high: a loaf of bread costs 30% more today than it did six months ago. Drivers pay more than two dollars a gallon for gasoline. A color television set, here costs the equivalent of \$4,000. The Israeli pound is devalued almost monthly, driving up the

cost of imports. On top of that, there is Israel's staggering national debt—it is believed to be the highest per capita in the world. Israelis are already the most highly taxed people in the world with 71% of the country's national income derived from taxes. An Israeli earning \$40,000 a year is taxed at more than 60%. Then there are the strikes—telephone operators, bank clerks, longshoremen, teachers, everyone waffles much of a pocket wage seems to be on strike at some point. The traditional restraint of organized labor, a kind of social contract in which labor cooperated in order to help build the Jewish state, appears to have evaporated. Israelis want to live at North American standards—but that is a condition their economy will not support. They try anyway. "The secret," says one Israeli worker, "is to live on next month's income." "The fact is," says a prominent Tel Aviv housewife, "that we consume three meals a day and produce only two, the third meal is bought with borrowed money."

Israel is a series of constantly blurring and confusing images that come and go with dizzying degrees of clarity. Time frames jump back and forth with astonishing frequency. You can talk to an old Arab guide at the ruins of ancient Jerusalem as he sits, listening to him describe in extreme detail the unique city, which for him is almost a living thing. Then he will suddenly tell you he has a son

Israeli child in Lebanon showing off his artwork: sadly, he doesn't what he sees



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who works in Toronto for a soft drink firm. Or on the road to Afika, a village in the north, you come across a black mixed Bedouin camp. The children play in the fields with a few goats while the women in carefully dressed dresses gather wood. The men have thousand-year faces with somnolent eyes. Indifferent curbs stand near the tents. Between them there is a thousand of a television set. The Bedouins may live the life of their ancestors, but they have a TV run off the power of a car battery. Among the programs available: *All In The Family* with Hebrew subtitles.

In Jaffa, one can listen to the high-pitched pizyon of the Maltese musician

calling the faithful to prayer from a 100-year-old minaret, or Eliza Presley blaring from Abu Nuhari's *Place Of Peace* Rock Radio Station anchored off the beaches of Tel Aviv. (Communist radio is illegal, as hoped.) The contrasts collide and nothing is what it seems. Israelis live a frenetic life, yet as Shabbat (the Sabbath) everything stops. There are no buses and the streets are almost deserted in Jerusalem, except for American tourists out for the excitement. Shops and restaurants are closed, you cannot buy a newspaper or a magazine. Yet by sundown, the streets are busy and crowded again. In Jerusalem, along Ben Yehuda Street from King George V Street to Zion

Square, the sidewalks are packed with young people.

They say that Israel has a ten-day work week with a three-day weekend. Friday is the day of rest for the Muslims. Saturday for the Jews and Sunday for the Christians. Everybody here starts work early. It is not uncommon for housewives to start their shopping at 7 a.m. and by night most workers are in their offices and children in their classrooms. Schools and stores close at about 2 p.m. and reopen later from 5 p.m. to seven. There is not much nightlife life in the country's major cities because Israelis much prefer to throw parties or drop in at friends' houses unannounced. At Israeli parties usually start at 11 p.m. and carry on until two or three in the morning. Only foreigners arrive early.

And at every party, every dinner, the talk unfailingly turns to politics. The mass shift in Arab diplomacy in Cairo or Damascus is discussed with the care of a center in Tel Aviv's Roshnai Gas demand district. When Henry Carter talks of a "Palestinian hoodland" or about "defensive borders" the political cryptologists study his statements with Israeli subtlety, and then explain in tempered syntax what the White House means. "What they mean moving into the pan proprietor for their explanations," noted an American journalist, "I'm taking my holidays."

To the North American, Israel's form of democracy adds up to the worst of all worlds. Nobody has a directly elected representative. At election time, each party—



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and there are more than a dozen—draws up a list of candidates for the 120-seat Knesset. The choices in turn give rise to a party list. The first 20 or so names on each list have a very good chance of winning. If a party gets 1% of the vote, eight 1% of the seats. But there are no voting districts. The entire country is one big constituency. The result is that the election has no personal representative and the elected politicians have no idea who voted for them. Because no party has ever been able to win a majority of seats, the Labor government has held on by buying in splinter parties. One of these is the smaller group, the National Religious Party (NRP) that participated in the May 17 election. Last fall, the NRP, a devoutly orthodox political party, insisted. Rather than denouncing the Sabbath by welcoming some new U.S.-backed 19th party jobs at a mass rally, it held 15 minutes after sundown on a Friday night. In the ensuing confidence vote, the vote was expelled from the government. Rabbinical law and the country was off to an election.

One man is trying to change the system. Yigal Yadin is a right, open man with a trained bald head, a prominent sloping nose that looks over a bushy mustache and small red hands tinged by years of scrubbing around archaeological digs in search of biblical Israel. Last November Yadin founded a party called the Democratic Movement for Change (DMC). The party already has more than 35,000 dues-paying members and passionate polls gave the party between 15 and 20 seats in the next Knesset. If the vote does indeed give 20 or more seats, neither Rabbinical alignment nor the opposition coalition Likud bloc will be able to form a government without Yadin. He is, in effect, both the forerunner of the Labor Party and perhaps to the country itself.

Yadin is an exceptionally popular figure with the average Israeli because he embodies the best Jewish tradition of the warrior-scholar. During the 1948 War of Independence, he was director of operations of the Haganah (army) and later became chief of staff of all Israeli defense forces. He is internationally recognized as the archaeologist who was instrumental in locating the ancient Jewish tombs of Masada and Jerusalem and translating the Dead Sea Scrolls. His major campaign promises in electoral reform. He promises, if he is in power in the next government, to dissolve the Knesset and hold a general election under a representative balloting system. The fact was the only party this year whose list of candidates was drawn up by open vote. Yadin told a group of foreign correspondents: "We are going to be the present system through its own contradictions, which we have set out to destroy." The first go-round, Yadin and the DMC do not differ noticeably from the Labor Party under Rabin. In that country there are hawks and doves. The hawks belong to the "not one inch" school of thought, as territory conquered by Israel will be given back

to the Arabs. The doves are willing to give back some or most of Sinai to Egypt and the occupied zones of the west bank of the River Jordan. But no one would give back to Syria the strategic Golan Heights, a stretch of mountains straddling strategically down over Israeli towns and settlements in northern Golan. There has been some suggestion of creating a Palestinian State between the Arabs of the west bank and the refugees of Gaza. Yadin opposed to a smaller state along the Jordan river because it would, in his words, "ignite nationalistic and be the seed of the next war." In dealing with the Arabs, however he believes in direct negotiations. "In a long affair, there is a world of difference between direct contact and indirect contact. Ground that is not a long affair. But one words reveals one must have direct negotiations."

Arabs in occupied Israel, but there are also 540,000 of them living in Israel. They make up 15.2% of the population and by 1990 are estimated they will number more than a million. Those living in the occupied lands—Israel calls them "displaced persons"—were their own Israeli state. Stating the problem is increasingly simple: how do you reconcile the desires of these Arabs for self-determination with the deeply felt need of Israel to exist inside secure borders?



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The family of Elias Fray has lived in Bethlehem for more than 1,000 years. He is mayor of the town and pro-Palestinian. A detective, compact and shrewd man with deep brown eyes and a pudgy face, Fray speaks bluntly. "I'm an Arab and a man of the city, do not like the Israeli occupation. I do not like any occupation whether it is Israeli, American or French. We are a divided people, a peace-loving people who wish to live in peace, to be free and to exercise the right of self-determination. I want to know who I am, what is my nationality, my state, the color of my flag and the color of my passport."

Fray and his people, as Arabs, do not get involved in Israeli politics, but it is a certainty that they are on the side of the doves who are willing to negotiate the return of territory. "The Israeli leaders are not preparing their people for concessions," notes Fray. "And there cannot be peace without concessions. They think they can keep all or most of the occupied territories and will convince the Arabs to sign a peace treaty with them."

Learning to Fray, it is difficult to realize that Jerusalem, the capital of Israel, is less than 15 miles away. It could be across the sea. The two peoples of the land are eternally apart. The typical young Israeli, confident in his aspirations, his people and his race, fails entirely to recognize the same feelings when he sees them in the Palestinian of the west bank. Yet the same emotions and arguments are transferable from Jew to Arab. The Israeli want peace, reconstruction and national self-determination—so do the Arabs. While the Arabs have often undermined the identity of the Jews, the Israelis have often underestimated the intensity of the motivation that drives the Palestinians.

In March, the wild flowers were out along the roads and the aravim were in full bloom. The beaches of Tel Aviv, Kfar and Haifa were crowded with tourists. After a rainy, cold winter, spring had arrived and as the country moved into its fourth general election since 1949, Israelis had much to complain about. The Sephardic, or Western, Jews complain about discrimination by European Jews even though they outnumber them. The western complain about wages that do not rise fast enough to meet the growing cost of living and the Sephardic complain about going unions whose workers under-produce. Newly arrived immigrants from North America complain that Israel is not the land of their dreams and their hopes, that it is too much like New Jersey or Illinois. And everybody complains about the snow. It is therefore all the more remarkable that the underlying feeling persists that this is the year that will bring change, change in government perhaps, change in the self-determined world for peace. For and in those hopes lie the promise and the peril of Israel in the spring of 1977. ☐

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# Worst game in town?

The decline and fall of the Canadian stock market

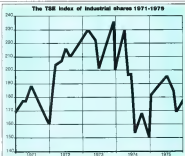
By Peter Brimelow

It's a slow afternoon on the floor of the Toronto Stock Exchange, so slow that the order clerks are playing cards. Colored cards, their trading posts like dog houses around a noisy track, the floor traders stare up longly at the ticker tape yet in a group just among the windows' gallery. Drawing herself upright, she straightens them with the aplomb of a new trainee at Wood Gundy Ltd., Canada's largest stockbrokerage, the seven-foot-tall wife of a washed female playing on her lips.

A floor trader selling out his orders across a crowded floor takes away the public funds of the stock market. Yet the traders are usually more employees of brokerage houses, earning \$10,000 to \$20,000 and barely live down in the hierarchy—unlike the New York Stock Exchange traders who must be seen holders on the exchange and in the papers in their firms. Hence the two markets' significantly inefficient resistance to plans to replace their traditional fashion in trading buy and sell orders through open outcry on the exchange floor with a computer that will automatically sort out orders piped in via terminals in brokerage offices all over the country. The Computer-Assisted Trading System (CATS) is scheduled to be functioning experimentally this spring. Its revised instruction manual, however, is not already filled with trading orders with large, glowing TV screens, rendering the traditional ticker tape obsolete. This Canadian-designed system reportedly leads the world for the traders are unhappy. They feel that CATS will not be able to duplicate the intuitive assessment of market mood the trader can make by listening to the sound of trading.

Yet the advent of CATS is a relatively minor symptom of the storm of change that has overwhelmed Canadian stock markets and the whole investment industry of which it has traditionally been the leader (see page 10). "The stock market game is over," daily declares Gray van Hise, president of Toronto Corporation, the market-making arm of Bursac Ltd. The old Toronto Stock Exchange Index lost 100 points in the last 100 trading days, for example, even as the stock market, apparently where it was a dead tip, although, thanks to the unwavering eye of investors, the total value is now that of the last.

For all the capital gains they have received, many investors during these years might just as well have buried their money in the ground. That would have been better than going into the market in 1971, when



her 1973, when it reached 238, before plunging to 130 a year later. And among the several smaller stocks not included were the index is calculated, but due to the impact of small investors, the damage was even worse. In 1969, for example, it cost eight dollars to buy one share in H.Y. of Canada Ltd. The price is now around \$2.00, but the price of the company's common stock is believed to be the Bay Street exchange has risen by approximately 90%.

What the hell is the matter with the stock market? The repeated question is asked on merely by concerned industry professionals, whose members have dwindled sharply since 1970, but by their members as well. No longer do investors crowd downtown offices watching the tape at noon, anxiety did 10 percent. But they still remember their losses, clearly. Just as it was in the years after the Great Crash of 1929, a whole generation of North Americans has reeled back from the stock market, burned and bitter. Equally as alone are the men who run Canadian industry which has been on the gasp since the stock market for several years. Since the crash job, everyone in the Canadian economy is even if unwittingly an investor in the stock market.

And that investment is costumed in material property. The appalling performance of the stock market in the past 30

years is still imperfectly understood. To some extent, it's typical of the market's wildly historic nature, surviving from epochs to epochs like a windmill's sails, apparently without ever losing. Beyond this, however, it begins to look as if the stock market is being eroded by an old force that fundamental change in the way the economy operates. Economists are ultimately the product of ideas and culture, Karl Marx notwithstanding. Stock markets arose in the brilliant dawn of open societies, in Europe and North America. They fall away period the "We are democratic" troubled stock.

In a capitalist economy, the stock market traditionally has fulfilled the same function as the heart does in the body. It is the organ responsible for pumping blood, or capital, to where it is needed. The theory is simple. A man pays whose product is in short supply through high prices makes large profits, and investors compete to buy its stock. That firm can then use more stock to get capital for expansion, and other companies entering the field can sell their stock more readily because of the other company's example. Conversely, if the company is unprofitable, investors will sell the stock and its price will fall.

Traditional activity on the floor of the Toronto Stock Exchange is not relaxed, there's less to this than meets the eye.





The efficiency of any money depends upon what economists call its optimum allocation of resources—putting money where it does the most good. The stock market has its role in this because of the speed and ease with which investors are informed and can react—literally from minute to minute. Of course, individual investors can be wrong. But the stock market is the sum of all the opinions, and perfection is impossible in a chaotic, crystalline bazaar as the market's ability to anticipate the twists and turns of the economy. Even the most sophisticated speculator plays an essential role, rather similar to that of a scavenging vulture in the ecology of the bank. He cleans up the market, by buying and selling as he sees when the prudent investors are doing the opposite.

Only a small proportion of Canadian industrial capital was ever raised through the stock market—but it was crucial. A corporation needs three types of money: Short-term requirements can usually be borrowed from the firm's liquidity (but very cautious) bankers, secured against some stock. Slightly longer-term investments can be funded via lending money (long-term) in the form of bonds, with the principal paid interest guaranteed and given priority. But ultimately, someone has to stand in the front rank by getting up "equity" if equity capital is not guaranteed, and the equity investor accepts the risk of seeing his money entirely wiped out if the company



A 1981 trader from Harold Thomson, connecting with his office

fails. But he also owns a share of whatever is left after debts are paid if the company succeeds. Like Napoleon's Old Guard, equity is the key unit around which the whole financial battle is fought. And the common glory of the stock market has been its ability to recruit equity as and when required. Until now.

Much of the trouble with the market today goes back to the so-called "equity cult" of the early Sixties—the belief that by buying and selling common stock actively investors could achieve much higher rates of return, through dividends and capital gains, than by using as a pile of safe but

boring bonds, which paid low interest and remained almost totally inert. It was basically the same as proposing to cross a flat river by jumping from one to another of the logs floating down it—logically possible perhaps, sometimes easy, but representing as a policy only to a generation that had not seen its follies embodied in a pulp in 1929.

"The Sixties were absolutely mad," says Michael Ryan of Vancouver. "It was one of the major delusions of recorded financial history. We had television high-school dropouts, earning \$50,000–\$80,000 a year. We made a pun out of all of money." Ryan is a tall, bespectacled bank with long, shaggy hair and a wild taste in clothes. He is now vice-president of the Vancouver-based holdings house of Pendergast Securities Ltd., one which he joined his own semi-boyerage house in 1974, just as everyone woke up.

By the late 1960s, the irrational Canadian performance for bonds had disappeared in the stock boom. That in turn was supported by a long economic upswing and a flood of new and easy looking for "performance"—higher than average growth. As a result, a whole cohort of able young financial analysts made their fortunes offering to manage the eager public's money, so carefully for a time, in mutual funds—the investment version of a collective farm based on misstatements of economic trends. But even apart from the dangers inherent in

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corporate stocks, temporarily forgotten, and the volatile, number-changing bond market day, which made it difficult for large investors to trade, the awkward truth remained that it was by definition impossible for anyone to get above-average performance from the Canadians. That it took so long for this to dawn on one of the insights into human nature offered by the study of financial markets. In March, 1966, the member firms of the Investment Funds Institute of Canada had \$1.9 billion dollars under management. By the end of 1976, the figure was down to \$1.8 billion. United Financial Management used to have more than 1,200 advisers. Today, it has none.

By the early Seventies, the equity cult was in its final frenzy. A new set of heroes entered the performance arena: the brokers who provided institutional investors with high-quality investment advice, often groups of people who succeeded in no larger companies to form their own specialized hedgehogs (hence "Vermont trout bouquet"). The most famous is Loewen, Chicago's McCrathco Ltd., formed from a job of Pitfield, Mulvey Ross & Co. Chris Ontario, a tall goatee-like figure with an intense wariness of journalists, is co- of Ray Baner's more exotic figure, once a Financial Post columnist of legendary ferocity, he is a son of an old Anglo-Celtic family, an ex-member of Canada's Olympic-hoisted team, and author of a sensitive autobiographical novel about the revo-



A TSE clerk entering new bids for stock on one of the exchange's trading posts.

lution. Baner, in 1975, with fewer commentators and investor disenchanted, the "beastie" favorite looks grim, and even Loewen, Ontario, according to family friend names, is considering returning to the world of a larger, more down-

turned horse. (Concorde's Inc. is the most successful candidate.)

The first of some time-calibrated brokers has been for grimmers. In the past year, at least six members of securities firms in Toronto have killed themselves. At the same time, the brokerage profession as a whole will probably have to face considerable changes in the future. Although they have

not yet been forced to negotiate the commissions they charge on each trade competitively as in the United States—where the stock market has recovered significantly in the past year—several commentators have been pointing down relentlessly. The largest transactions now being in only a third of the companies the 1969 record. Generally, so many Canadian investors are taking advantage of the cheaper trading offered in the United States in the overseas key Canadian stocks listed on exchanges in both countries that competitive negotiations may be unavoidable here anyway. In 1969, 306 member firms had seats on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Today there are 74, and over half of whom are the products of mergers and takeovers. A TSE seat sold for \$120,000 in 1976, nearly the price was down to \$20,000.

Amid the wreckage of a typical financial collapse was the little-noticed fact that, in one sense, the market had been working only too well. For long periods in recent years, the Canadian corporate sector, like an exhausted athlete whose system starts to break down his body's cells in the search for oxygen, began to leech oxygen from his own blood, has been consuming its own capital. This is because of the combination of unprecedented inflation and historic cost accounting which, by failing to allow properly for depreciation and inventory replacement, had corporations to effect giving out capital as earnings and being taxed on it. In 1970, no one seemed to realize this—except for the market, which in a system was sensed the limits, and drove the floor.

Beyond that, there is a growing belief that the net of insurance, exemptions and subsidies that Ottawa has dropped over the economy is helping it to head away from the stock market. For example, the Canada Pension Plan forces Canadians to divest money they might otherwise have stored, and even invested in stocks. That money is now spent on the citizens' health care, various government programs. Moreover, the taxative system encourages individuals to own a home and to get money into bonds and Registered Retirement Savings Plans before trying the stock market, where dividends and capital gains are taxed.

As a result, private capital formation is lagging. This shows up in reduced economic growth and fewer jobs. Ottawa's immediate response to this is to stimulate directly in the economy through agencies such as Petro-Canada or the Department of Regional Economic Expansion. Apparently a peak barrel in the hand is worth more than a healthy economy under the boot. Even for corporate response, pressure outside the stock market. Banks are looking for ways to extend money to corporations by using its breaks and various governmental trade finance plans. They are also getting bolder about longer-term loans. Canadian companies may end up, like their Japanese rivals, heavily depend-

ent upon debt, the stability of which is essential to a nation. There is already a similar danger here as to whether corporate loans offered because of further investment should be regarded as a form of equity.

What happens next? One theory is that Canada will develop a West German-style financial system, with a national stock market, and all investment decisions issued around like a deathbed between a few, just all-purpose insurance. This is certainly possible. Canadian banks virtually own the broken steadily through extensive loans, and could easily handle these functions. But it would involve a host

of potential conflicts of interest—for example, between a bank's corporate clients and its role as an adviser to investors considering the corporation's stock. Perhaps what will happen will be a less blatant encroachment by financial institutions into each other's territory, as trust companies become banks, banks and brokers start venture capital funds and brokers such as Montreal's Liberty Ltd. offer petroleum and offering fund packages that are really tax sheltering for individual investors and have nothing to do with the stock market.

Much anticlimax in the possibility of a South African type of solution, with the major money companies supplementing



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the stock market as a source of equity for smaller companies, since Ltd. Canada's largest mining company and the largest nickel producer in the world, has put more than five million dollars into minority positions in 14 small companies since 1975, and has recently set out to look for more.

No doubt a Canadian compromise will emerge. The stock market across the country will unite in an electronic trading network. Investors will reluctantly accept the constraints imposed conservatively, and in doing so condemn many of their fellow firms to death. Mass investments decisions will be taken by the government, subject to periodic financial crises, and by large institutions. Ottawa will continue to act in the belief that business has to be shown here with government loans as the Federal Development Bank, which will act as a ruleless money in a socially responsible (and electionally profitable) way. Canadians will resist so their long established position for leading money rather than buying equities, and capital will continue to be imported, and borrowing, from the United States. But obvious catastrophe will be avoided. And the stock market, as J. P. Morgan's famous phrase will continue to flourish.

But more fully. The stock market has always been a form of institutional uncertainty, where investors look after themselves and operate tight at out. It is the product of the age where all decisions could be considered against the empirical yardstick of success, whether involving according to share patterns or sociology. It is a symbol and a symptom of political pessimism, the idea that society works best where individuals pursue their own objectives as they see fit. Where the governing elite is united with supreme confidence in its judgment. Backed with the moral fervor that surrounds contrary evidence—the institutional investment in all business cases—the stock market is a veritable reminder of the fallibility of reason and authority in the face of reality. The leading edge of government momentum is made up of the ministerial regulatory agencies, of which the Ontario Securities Commission has (not without permitting yelps from the other provinces) become dominant. The one model itself on the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission. Significantly the merging of the functions of judge, jury and prosecutor common to both U.S. and Canadian agencies was recently attacked by Monroe Freedman, Dean of Rutgers University Law School in New Brunswick, New York, and a noted civil libertarian, as an example of "the supreme corruption of the legal system." It was comparable, he suggested, to an owl's way to what happened at Ravens under Stalin. The morose slapping broom, waving in blind hope for the weak, mad as to recover as it eventually did after the Great Crash is, unlikely as it seems, a flower of freedom, now lightly touched by frost.

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# Hog Town at the bat

Toronto as Kid, the Blue Jays as New Toy

By Hartley Stewart

Big Bill Singer, a 32-year-old right-hander from Los Angeles, stood on the pitcher's mound rubbing up the baseball and glowing as big-league pitchers will. Suddenly, in the old ballroom of Toronto's Exhibition Stadium, he executed a modest hook batted slightly toward home plate and delivered a crisp fast-ball that the umpire deemed a strike. In an instant the stadium was shrouded in more than 44,000 baseball fans, some-wrest and some-wild, leaped to their feet. The room, loaded with windows and bronze bleachers, was the sort of baseball club usually reserved for the last push in the World Series. In fact, it was merely the first pitch of the season. The time was 1:40 p.m. on April 1, a freezing, snowy Thursday, and major league baseball had come as late to Toronto.

The fledgling American League Toronto Blue Jays went on to win that first game, 9-5 over the Chicago White Sox, but when early matters was that big league ball was in town and Canada had signed its second major league team after the eight-year-old Montreal Expos, who belong to the National League, then christening any direct Toronto-Montreal ball park rivalry. That first day withoutered in Toronto probably would have cheered the Jays had they lost 10-0. As it was, they were on their feet for practically every pitch, and every foul ball was cause for a major demonstration. In the bottom of the first inning, when young Doug Aoki, a broad-shouldered first-baseman with a swing that could start a wind storm, tagged one over the 775-foot marker in left field for the Blue Jays' first-ever home run, he became, at once, a hero. When he did it again his second time in his first-ever return over the right-field fence—he had the Blue Jays Exhibition Stadium in his pocket.

Rarely has the sports world witnessed so wild a live affair between city and team as the start of the affair between Toronto and the Blue Jays. When the team opened spring training camp in Dunedin, Florida, last February, sports reporters, editors, columnists and photographers by the dozens descended on the quiet town. At one point the city alone had more than 25 newsmen and crew at the camp. Toronto newspapers carried as many as six or four pages a day of Blue Jay action. Toronto sportswriters and broadcasters wandered restlessly around camp. Many re-

ally right, Marzoff, and Dave McKay heading off first base in front of the White Sox. Jay Spectators may not win too many games, but they're won Toronto



ports, many of which showed to them they had originated in the Blue Jays' public relations office. Back in Toronto, amid the newsmen and hockey jays, Toronto's couldn't get enough of a Blue Jay division and baseball cap appeared late crooked in April. Fans had changed their holiday plans to include a few days in Dunedin, at times as many as 1,000 from mostly Canadians, showed up at Dun-

edin's Grand Field for Blue Jays preview. Toronto sports writer Louie Cioffi wanted no time in starting work on a book, merely desired to tell us, entitled *Baseball's Back to Toronto*. Earlier, more than 30,000 people mobbed a radio to a name-the-team contest, and while a few (several) writers missed the chance the first-to-the-club writers loved it. The Variety Club of Ontario announced it would hold a "Baseball's Back to Toronto" dinner April 6 at which the team would be introduced, and the dinner immediately sold out 1,500 seats at \$35 apiece.

More than 9,000 season's tickets to Blue Jays home games were sold, guaranteeing a mammoth paid attendance, even before the season opened, that would be larger than that of some established American League teams. It was the largest advance ticket sale by any expansion club and the Blue Jays, with aluminum desks and server racks, found themselves with four extra dollars in the bank. At the opening game, reporters and photographers filled the large, unheated press box to overflowing. The local Toronto Star, which only plays seven photographs, had five of them in the game. The Toronto Star's management was almost double that.

A spring baseball training camp is a desolate place. And an expansion training camp is probably more desolate than that of an established team. This spring there were 38 ballplayers at camp at Dunedin, 25 positions on the team and five coaches watching to see who was going to fall them. Every time a player stumbled he stumbled toward the mound. But every day was new and every player had as good a shot at one as the next. Jay Jays' manager Ray Hartsfield told the players and the press this calmly daily. So the expansion did they would spruce and exercise with vigor and skinned by bulls to toughen their lives depended on it. Because they often got going for first base had fast hands and a glove like a dealer.

Gary Lee Woods is a struggling 24-year-old California with the grace of a mature athlete. Woods' previous major league experience was limited to six appearances for the Oakland Athletics, hitting only eight times. But he came off a first season with Tucson in the Pacific Coast League where he hit a heady 36 and batted in 67 runs. I talked to Woods after an eight-inning game in March at which he hit two homers, took for extra bases, into left center field. Asked what he intended to do if he didn't make the Jays, Woods replied sharply. "I just don't think of it. I'm going to make the team. I don't even want to think about going back to the minors." The next spring, now Blue Jays, he was swinging from minor-league and grinding under fly balls with his big, loping stride in the Blue Jay sweater at Exhibition Stadium in Toronto. And he cracked a couple of homers into left center too.

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Other Hilton operated hotels in Canada: The Queens Elizabeth Hotel, Montreal (in CNI hotel); Montreal Airport Hotel, Toronto; Hudson Castle Hotel, Toronto; Airport Hilton and Hotel Vancouver in CNI hotel.



year-old pitcher named Lloyd Allen, who, as a 28-year-old, appeared in 34 games in relief for the California Angels of the American League, working four and six and 15. He had a handsome 3.49 earned-run average. When the Jays got Allen, he was popular. He walked on the organization with vehemence. He called the Toronto club a team of soldiers that wouldn't support him. He said the Blue Jays were Toronto because the city had a history of supporting losers and the team was there only to make money. "The fan," he warned daily, "should never forget that."

All the early signs suggested that Toronto's baseball fan couldn't care less. Indeed, it was not so much a surprise that Toronto won a major league franchise, but that it took so long. For 12 years, Torontonians supported minor league baseball with a willingness, while the best ring of a major league franchise stayed just out of reach. Many of the legendary names of baseball at one time or another played in Toronto, either against or for Toronto teams. Babe Ruth hit his first-ever professional home run in Toronto in 1914. (At that time Ruth was a 19-year-old pitcher and that day he batted a one-hit, 9-0 shutout for the Providence Grays of the International League.) Over the years players and managers by the score drifted through Toronto, tonight or played a year or two, and went on to clarify the facts in major league towns. Jackie Moore, the Jays' third-base coach, was the last Toronto Maple Leaf manager. He was preceded by such stars as Casey Stengel, Sparky Anderson, Dick Williams, Chuck Dressen and Hines Howard. All the while, concern of the old Maple Leafs kept up a firestorm with the big leagues, warning promises that fulfilled, often almost grabbing a financially weak franchise from some city or other always coming close enough to keep the dream of a major league team alive.

By 1926, the Toronto Ball Club had moved into the best stadium in the nation, Maple Leaf Stadium, built for \$750,000 and seating more than 25,000. Talk of the imminent arrival of a big league team became ground. But the new stadium was designed to house only minor league teams through the Thirties, Forties and Fifties and into the Sixties. The stadium grew older and more run-down, and a writing capacity of 30,000 looked less and less big league. By 1967, Torontonians would no longer support even minor league baseball, attendance fell and the team folded. The stadium was eventually torn down.

The postlude never made a serious attempt at getting a major league franchise in Toronto. He was entrepreneur Jack Kent Cooke who owned the team during the 1950s. Cooke spent much of his time branding the owners of every major league team that showed signs of weakness, trying to get ownership transferred—to move in Toronto. Meanwhile, he begged, cajoled and threatened local politicians to

an effort to get a municipal ball stadium built that would attract a big league team. He failed, and when he left in disgust for the United States it seemed to spell the end. The city would no longer support professional baseball again for 30 years.

But the dream never died. It surfaced again in the form of Don McDougall, the 36-year-old president of Loblain the owner of Canada Ltd., and Paul Godfrey, chairman of the Metropolitan Toronto Council.

Two baseball acts with close McDougall had the financial might and Godfrey the political. Godfrey convinced Ontario premier Bill Davis that the Canadian National Exhibition Stadium, home of the

Argonauta football club, should be substantially expanded and renovated to accommodate baseball as well. With a provincial loan and at a cost of \$17.5 million, the old stadium was converted into a versatile, combination park seating 44,000 for baseball and 33,800 for football. Between them, the fields span 180,000 square feet of rooftop, the largest such surface in North America.

With the stadium in hand, McDougall and Godfrey were determined to bring the majors to Toronto. In 1975, McDougall entered into partnership with R. Howard Webster, chairman and president of the Toronto Globe and Mail and Viking Assets



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Ltd. The two would have an equal partnership whenever the deal comes to the fore, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce came in for a 40% interest.

Last year, the franchise of the National League's San Francisco Giants narrowly edged Toronto. The Giants were up to their hats in debt, and the McEwen-Webster-Cole group was up at St. Paul's office faster than a Bill Singer first-ball. By January, 1976, it was announced they had decided in principle to buy the Giants for \$11.4 million. But San Francisco Mayor George Moscone decided he wanted to keep the Giants in his town, and found fresh money to keep them there.

Then, finally in March of last year, the American League decided to expand and Toronto and Seattle were chosen for that choice. Several Canadian groups showed interest in the Toronto deal, but league president Lee McPhail, who had held secret meetings with McDonagall as early as 1974, felt the Lobnitz group deserved the deal. And in an effort to give a reality, the major leagues arrived in Toronto.

Toronto sports fans have always been among the most wildly indiscriminate in the country, filling the stadium every year to watch the Toronto Argonauts, who haven't won a Grey Cup in 25 years and something for tickets to Maple Leaf Gardens to watch the hockey Leafs who haven't brought home a Stanley Cup in a decade. With a job as well, because in the Blue Jays Toronto's fans may very well have another longtime loser on their hands.

Even Blue Jays general manager Peter Bavaro, the 34-year-old son of the great San Diego Padres owner in Barry Bavaro, would not predict a winning season. The most wild-eyed Jays fan has been conducted by statements from Bavaro and manager Joe Mauerfeld to expect the team to lose more games in 1977 than it won. In fact, since expansion of the American League in 1961, no new team has had a plus win-loss record. The best record was posted by the California Angels in 1961 when they won 76 games and lost 91. At the National League expansion teams, the Montreal Expos have done no better than a 52-110 record in 1969.

No one connected with Jays is predicting a winning season. But Hartsfield, an expanding 32-year-old Georgian, doesn't. "I'll predict you this year, we'll be the best team every day. I'm that kind of guy. You can knock me down and I'll be back the next and you'll have knocked me down again. That's the kind of team we'll have. We'll be in the best in every day." Hartsfield says, after 18 years as professional baseball player, coach and manager, is getting his first major league managing chance, promises to be happy with his team. He describes them as a young, strong, talented group of players who with a few years experience will be making here and there, one become winners.

The fact is, the Blue Jays just do not have many experienced players. There are exceptions, such as veteran Ron Fardy a former Expo, and pitcher Neil Singer, who have more than 10 years' experience. But because the Jays were excluded from the first agent draft until next year, most of their players—from the experienced draft to minor leaguers about superior minor leaguers. Most of them, in fact, would not be getting a major league chance were it not for expansion.

What the Blue Jays have done is pick up major league players for each position.



Singer warming up the season opener was named on a hockey no-name team.

center fielder Gary Woods. The Jays' system bet, first baseman Doug Aoki, is a typically Jay many. His major league experience consists of just games last year with the American League Texas Rangers (he hit .308). The rest of the year he was training in a day system with the Sacramento Solons, where he hit .315 with 25 home runs. He also made the Pacific League all-star team at first base.

Well, he had been drafted through the Jays, but Bavaro refused to go for the expensive, big-name player that could attract crowds even for a long time. The Jays, for example, could have picked up Rico Petrocelli, once an all-star who was traded from the Boston Red Sox, and Earl Williams, the 1971 rookie of the year, (he hit the Expos. "We've just not attracted," says Bavaro. "We're going for youth. This is a young man's game.")

As a baseball team, the Blue Jays are a great business. At a time when most new major league teams are in financial trouble because of slow growth and lack of solid backing, the Jays have the shipbuilders and prospects of better than average crowds. The team plays half in 1977 dates at home—13 out of 82—and three

every visiting team has at least one big-name attraction. The Yankees will be in Toronto with their high-priced pitcher Catfish Hunter, Detroit will open rookie-of-the-year Mark Fidrych, and even the lowly Chicago White Sox will be able to offer up left fielder Ralph Gonsky.

The Blue Jays also count on television and radio contracts (they will carry Jays' games nationally on Wednesday, alternating with Expo games) although most northern Ontario areas will be able to see the Jays' Radio broadcast, originating at Toronto's city, will be carried by 16 Ontario stations and one Radio station. Tom Chalk, who filled in occasionally as an Expo announcer will do the Blue Jays radio play-by-play and former major league pitcher Kirby Wynn, who should know a spinball when he sees one, will provide the color.

The financial impact of the franchise on Toronto should be considerable. The Jays' playing and coaching payroll will be about one million dollars annually, and another 500 full and part-time employees, from forest down to the labor unions, will bring a close to two million. The overall financial effect of a franchise on a city, involving revenue from all the retail towers, is estimated at about \$50 million.

What will not bring in any revenue at the Toronto Stadium is beer sales. The Ontario government, despite considerable pressure from the media, local politicians and consumers—especially, of course, Labatt's—refused to grant permission for beer sales at Exhibition Stadium. If that ruling sticks, it will make Toronto the only one of 26 major league cities in North America where fans are denied the added standard of a cool beer. Most local radio stations and newspapers conducted random polls on the issue and claimed no opinion ran as high as 90 in favor of beer on opening day. The Toronto Star had to apologize to 17,000 Exhibition Stadium Jays fans who said: "Good Luck. Blue Jays Now give us beer, Bill"—referring to Premier Davis. At one point during the opening game a Chicago player tickled some of the snow-covered field to find the second is a "We're Jays" chant.

But if Jays' fans could not have beer, they were grabbing up everything else that a baseball team can offer, including caps, sweaters, official gloves, programs and practically anything else that could tempt a fan's eye. And in all likelihood, the home-dry fans will flock to the stadium for many years to come, even if the team were to follow the sad example of the Chicago White Sox, the Jays' first-game victim, who won their last World Series in 1907. In any case, Bavaro is promising little about due to keep the fans. "We have the team to build on," he says. "We aren't making any promises other than that we'll keep strengthening the club. We think Toronto fans will stick with us if we show we are doing what is necessary to build a team with a future." ☐

## THE ORIGINAL.

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# Revolutionary spirits

Under 'oppression' Quebec's arts flourished. And now? By Gail Scott

In San Francisco, on a island playground that looks as though it might have been looted from the adjacent freeway, the words Quebec Lines appear sequentially in red paint from time to time. At a major Paris theatre, these Quebec signs are now well known in France, and throughout sales to their province after the November 15 victory by René Lévesque's Parti Québécois. And in, of all places, Texas, a tourist watches a television show starring Quebec rock musician Robert Charlebois, who is wearing a Montreal Canadiens' hockey shirt and whose songs include marching lines "New-fog, Kieu-ew."

These incidents represent a 19-year shift and, in a sense, a total re-orientation with language, in the changing conceptions of the extraordinary role Quebec's flourishing artistic community played in bringing the separatist to power. Given the linguistic isolation in North America, France-



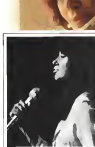
phone Quebec's identity crisis has always been even more profound than that of its English-speaking Canadian neighbors. As a result, the awakening of Quebec during the Quiet Revolution of the 1960s achieved as a flowering of the arts as any level: a daring, multidimensional of record companies that produced a galaxy of Quebec artists (many of them large and small), of publishing houses, playwrights, authors, film makers, and painters. Not all were—or are—today anti-copying Plébeians. But the dazzling explosion of talent was a sure sign that the society, outward-looking Quebec inferiority complex was being not freely made. Says playwright Michel Tremblay: "For the first time in our history, the artists of my generation talked as Québécois in Québecois—in Québecois. We made a rupture with the horror we had of ourselves as people. If it weren't for the artists of my generation, the IQ would never have gotten it."

And yet for many Quebec artists, the process of politicization was gradual, and at times vague. On the eve of the November 15 election, a survey by a local tabloid newspaper indicated that a large number of the local theatergoers would vote for a year-end benefit for the now defunct *Piquette* daily newspaper. *Le Jour* managed to rally a list of supporters as one (wouldn't it be nice?) to a kind of Quebec Academy Awards. Yet many of these men had never been such as demonstrators or at 10 party meetings. And the reasons they gave for their support of the so-called nebulous statements in the affect that "things are rotten in Québec"—"It's like so some." "Things have to change"—statements implying that the quality of life was not what it should be. Yet whether or not they had hoped for independence, they saw in Lévesque a credible candidate in the contest for culture, for the thriving of French Québec.

For others, dedication to the idea of an independent Québec reached much farther back. Film director Michel Brault, winner of a 1975 Cannes Film Festival award for his movie *Les Ordres*, based on the 1970 myopia, recalls that "I would go from my first job at the National Film Board, as when I went back there in 1973 there was already a serious seignior. It was very frustrating. The movies were speaking English. It was necessary for us to im-



A scene from 'Les Belles Soeurs,' Brault produced in 1966, that played a part for the publishing of artists, and Tremblay today, such men were 'Sanguinaires'



Julien post-revolution (above) and as a protest singer in 1973, she didn't just sing about going to the wall. She went.

more—out of so many Quebec artists. Born during the crash year of 1928, the success of 17 children of poems who returned to the land to survive the Depression, Vallancourt went to Montreal at 20, taking work with the optimism and energy of an old Québec attracted by independence. "I was hungry and burning with energy," recalls Vallancourt. "I had so much energy, I was always getting into fights. My beard and long hair didn't help. It was the Fifth People people are!" He took up sculpture to be able to work with his hands and use up some of that rebellious energy. His first major work was a life of Dawson Street and McGill University, which caught his eye after it was partially destroyed by a thunder storm. Once often under the cover of night he sculptured (he could see much trouble with the sculpture. But when it

got into the street and ran down during the 1970 crisis (right) and as the PQ member, he lost his reputation as a power



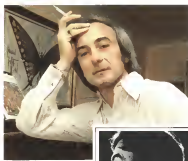
was finished, he straight, dark edged steel as a kind of monument to youth's revolt for years in the McGill student ghetto—until the provincial government acquired it for a respectable use.

"I was young, I felt good. That genre was taken as a kind of symbol of pride by young Québécois," he says. He felt some of the shame of growing up as a poet in Québec that Tremblay experienced. While the playwright "felt ugly" and took jobs delivering barbeque chicken, the sculptor found such lowly employment in the English dominated economy. He preferred to sleep in the shed.

The eyes of Torontoans are still offended by a step of the wall that was that lack of a historical understanding between Vallancourt and Tremblay's activities and which no doubt helped burden the artist's nationalism into a desire for independence. Vallancourt had contacted and sent the poems for a huge printed mental sculpture for Toronto. He eventually created *Le mur invisible* (I remember), when he fell into a dispute with the city about money. Seeing no solution to the problem, he left town with his workers. He left behind the sculpture—unfunded. To this day in public art museums in the culturally diverse towns of a west-end park.

A few years later he found himself in trouble in San Francisco as well, standing in a pond at the foot of a tower in San Francisco.





Duhaime as introduced as "L'Hostie du 8 hour" in 1983 (right) and the leader of the *nouveau Québec* movement (left)

he had created, shouting obscenities at the city fathers who were again making it. He had not been invited to the ceremonies, he says, he pulled from the ceremony simply to write a few Québec Libre slogans on the base. The differences between the commissioned artist and the city had been going on for some time over matters such as the cost of making the fountain and the fact that the sculptor had allegedly sheltered Indians suspected of participating in the occupation of what had formerly been Alcatraz prison. He had, in fact, attempted to dedicate the work to the Third World. "He it was just after the October Crisis and I found Québec was closer to my heart." He says the slogan Québec Libre will appear on the fountain from time to time. Somebody does their stretches.

Back in Montreal, there are no ambience of olive middle-class serenity about St. Louis Square and the three-story grey stone houses that surround it. The storefronts, two-level square windows in a kind of riotous to the clear and total language that have kept Québecan nationalism. A gathering place for violence, vagrants and the elderly, it is also the rallying point for political demonstrators. And undoubtedly the square has been the home of avant-garde poets and performance, a meeting place of poetry and politics. On one side lives Paul-André Julien and Grégoire Gosselin, the poet who, as a 19-month-old, personally dedicated Liberal Premier Robert Bourassa on November 13. Around the corner, lives Gaston Miron, father of autonomous Québec poetry, and André Bessette, director of most of Michel Tremblay's plays. Not



far away there is Québec Douce, the collector of literary manuscripts and editor of the new weekly *Le Jour*'s literary page. With the exception of Bessette, these are the intellectuals and poets of the Quiet Revolution who turned separatist leader René Lévesque into the Liberal party in 1987.

"There's a kind of color community of writers behind Lévesque," says Douce, whose apartment bulges with books. "We have they called behind the back." Because they want to contain in French it's a word. It holds either really far behind his desk. He has in mind Jacques Parren, Gaston Miron, Paul Chamberland and André Massé—poets who are not only writers who read the latest about the poet of the day. It is a kind of community of poets who are independent. They were the rule. The exception—surrealist Régis Ducharme and Marie-Claire Blais—are essentially vague about politics. But they also write about the poet of the day (surrealist) of Québec with hereditary privilege.

The turning point for it all came around 1965. This was the year *Parti Pris*, a left-independent review first appeared. Gosselin, later to become director of *Parti Pris* when it became a national publishing house, had come down from Trois-Rivières a bright young poet supporting the politics of the young Pierre Trudeau and other writers for the progressive periodical

Club Libre. Making other poets, including Jacques Guisan, Miron, influenced Gosselin greatly and suddenly he was torn. Julien had earlier returned from six years in Paris into the apartment in Québec that followed the death of the dictatorator Premier Maurice Duplessis, and also found himself in a period of "political awakening." Chamberland was writing poems such as *The September Scenario* poems that talked of evening within "a living death with a hand scribbled in the heart of his forehead and pistons." One at the National Film Board, young director such as Brink and Denis Arcand (*My Name is French*) already had several years of experience fighting for French services, for in understanding that in fact their way of doing things might not be that of their English superiors.

In such cities as La Hütte Suisse, later demolished, and l'Association Espagnole, still a meeting place for poets, the small group and several poets, Paul Chamberland the question of identity, the new society—and, consequently, independence. "It was a major awakening," says Douce, pointing out that this was also in a period of the first two books and the formation of the first separatist party, *Le Rassemblement pour l'indépendance nationale*. Perhaps the thing that made this group different from their nationalist forebears was a new confidence. "Maybe I was compensating for my inferiority complex," admits Douce. "Anyways there were saying Québec is disgusting, vulgar. I said no. It's not. I would feel in the face of things like my brother that we were a small people with great possibilities."

With all their seriousness, the poets were remained intellectuals and poets, with little direct impact on the working-class neighborhood that were to provide the first electoral base for the 1980. It was their own poet, chamberland such as Julien, Gosselin and Paul Chamberland who in turn first reached wider audiences with a poetry subtly infused with rebellious for opportunities. That is still true today, as when Gosselin says about a farmer living over his barn and ready switching from French to English depending on the attitude—a parody of the anti-continental language debate. From the story of Miron's first book, on television at a 1973 meeting, the impact of the chamberland over the past decade has been enormous. "They have spoken the language," says Brink. "They have been heard by the people."

And yet Tremblay without denying the impact of the chamberland, his excellent rise in regard when he talks about the impact of his generation on the young. For him, the important thing is that through the form and language, most other poets, the emergence of Québec—of that art they were the first to insert the synthesis of French and American culture, to end the school literary in which Québecans were always seeking to be one or the other, or

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bring refuge in their rural past. "We showed people there were neither sub-American nor sub-French," says Tremblay. "And we showed them with something good. 1980 was the year of the rap, not the year of Les Belles Femmes and L'Weekend Show," he says, referring to his first play and to a new historical variety show in which both Robert Charlebois and metalheads from Deschamps appeared for the first time as we know them now. It was the year young Québécois, with a new pride in themselves, stopped trying to speak overbooked French and finally embraced Québécois.

Two years later there was a new climax for the growing collective confidence: the October Crisis. Reacting to Ottawa's imposition of the War Measures Act, Québec artists mounted a show entitled *Serge and Fanny of Resistance*. One by one they paraded onto the stage of the packed Grand Théâtre, protesting that Québec was now "occupied territory." For most of them, government handling of the crisis eased a burdening of politics. "It only made me angrier," recalls Jolien, who was one of the first arrested under the War Measures Act.

After that, direct protest by the artistic community against the bourgeois government became increasingly widespread. Artists through their associations debated politics and participated in direct actions such as an occupation by film directors of government offices to back demands for

low protection of the Québec cinema. They paraded the tiny budget of the provincial cultural affairs department and derided the federal provincial division of jurisdiction on that field. "The Liberals were reluctant to do anything because they perceived cultural activity as inherently dangerous due to its inaccessibility toward authority," notes Pierre de Bellefeuille, parliamentary assistant to the new Parti Québécois cultural affairs minister, Lucie O'Neill.

Ministers are likely to change considerably under the Lévesque government. When Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau tabled spending estimates for the coming year this spring, he announced a 29.7% increase—\$56.1 million—for the cultural affairs ministry, with one million dollars earmarked for the establishment of a Québec film institute. The new government also plans to establish regional councils that will allow artists to play an advisory role in the development of policy and the distribution of funds; there are also plans afoot for laws designed to promote Québec films and records. "The cultural revolution is as important for the Québec national as economic, political issues," declared Cultural Affairs Minister O'Neill. "And I finally reach, we hope, milestones, the celebrated and abandoned spirit who cannot imagine for our people another destiny than that of dependence, poverty and resignation."

Even so, will the régime be able to overcome a

generation of artists who, for the Liberals, had come to constitute a formidable opposition? "We'll see (first day to day)," says Prohaska-Jolien. "Right now I'm placing my confidence in it. As in any new affair, we start on a basis of trust." Yet eventually, the arriving powers of the separatists may pose problems for the artists themselves—as artists. Donat Kien, for example, that writer may be increasingly involved in such tasks as preparing lessons on Québec culture, for his part. Tremblay laughs at the suggestion that his playwright might transform his work into political tracts. "Well, I'm going to have to change the ending of my plays," he says, referring to the diffusion of his characters in going beyond their opposition, impoverished situations. "They're too pessimistic. It's extraordinary. My plays will be viewed one day in period pieces. People will say 'that's how we used to be.'"

Another possible paradox looms. Will a generation of artists, who now see their political ideal still not accomplished and social Utopia just around the corner, lose some of the vision for that they feel there is more advance political aims? Tremblay admits the risk is there. "I won't be writing odes for the big like (journalist) Lévesque. Bonstein did for the Democratic party," he says. Then he adds "At least the identity problem is solved. If a generation of artists has been burned for the good of Québec, that's fine." ☐

# The World

If this economic summit fails, will the next be simply a death-watch?



Groups of out-of-work youths, their faces daubed with war paint, prowled the streets of Rome along the Clyde, the site North Atlantic headquarters, in the United States, where death was the morning threat of Japanese cities to win delivery—the signs of economic malaise are everywhere to read. When the leaders of the Big Seven industrial nations—Canada's Pierre Trudeau and America's Jimmy Carter among them—sit down at the breakfast table during noon of 10 Downing Street in London on May 7 for their two-day economic summit, they will be taking on the role of doctors deciding how to operate. For this time—the third such summit in 18 months—the "doctors" and their assistants, the finance ministers, will have to produce more than a pain-killer because the patient's strength is giving out.

That the seriousness of the world's condition is accepted is evident from the membership of summit, anti-summit, financial meetings and "North-South dialogue" conferences since the oil crisis of 1973-74. But the symptoms are getting worse, not better. The end of the reaction looks a lot further away than it did at the close of last summer's pre-summer in Puerto Rico. There is the alarming prospect of oil producers using their muscle once more and beyond that, the question "What happens when the oil runs out?" At least one respected British financial com-



Roman workers protesting reduced working hours a glimpse of things to come in Britain's oil and financial summit that the 1975 Rome summit down and gloom

menter is calling this the "Low Chance Summer." Warning in *The Observer*, C. Gordon Fisher said: "The world's present drift towards an economic disaster of the most devastating kind will be halted only if there is a wholesale restructuring of the economic system."

The keynote of such restructuring must

surely be to stabilize the balance of wealth which was abruptly tilted against the industrial countries by the oil producers' four-fold price hike in 1973-74. No amount of foreign currency have piled up in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) treasuries, with corresponding deficits elsewhere. Even the rich industrial nations are fearful of reflecting their depressed economies. The unprecedented oil crisis destroyed confidence in economic progress as surely as the sinking of the Titanic destroyed con-

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But, "Encouraged by a law to ban new toilets using more than three and a half gallons each time, variants on Sir Thomas Crapper's invention are being rushed to market. They have names like Little John and Wonder Gals.

Even the computers in Clay Hall are being repaired following the discovery that it took 150,000 gallons of water a day to keep them cool. But those who quipped the quantity of water used by diplomats for their summation conferences seemed an understatement a year ago from a San Francisco manager. "I siphon it all to the churchyard. We have the hottest roses in town," he declared.

CHARLES POLAR

CHARLES FOLEY

## PAKISTAN

## Uneasier lies the head

Ever since the British departed in 1947, the Pakistanis have been looking for a workable political system. After an 11-year flirtation with parliamentary democracy the military took over. Then, 13 years later, went the other extreme and declared itself a

politician found himself back at the controls as the eastern half of the country, now Bangladesh, spun off into its own orbit. But now it seems the military may once more intervene to restore order to a country riven by discontent, and if they do the main target people will blame is Ziaur Rahman who, as President or Prime Minister, has led Pakistan's 70 million people since December 1979.

More than five years and two constitutions later, amid violent pressure for a restoration of his stranglehold on democracy, applied through draconian emergency measures, the signs are that Blaise may be forced to go. The charges against him vary from occupying authoritarianism through corruption to an inability to deal with the country's inflation problems. But the main *casus belli* for opposition discontent, which has boiled over into some of the worst riots since independence, is the accusation that Blaise rigged the elections he won so handily last March.

"Shirin gets his shoes from France and Italy," she gibe ran, "because Pakistani shoes are too hard for his feet"—and for the leader's "tyrannical" (and economically ineffectual) style of government.

The opposition also said that Bhutto would rig the election if he thought he could not win honestly, and when the governing Pakistan People's Party (PPP) duly swept home by the crushing margin of 153 seats to 36 (in the previous parliament it had controlled only 107) there was an immediate backlash. Bhutto slipped emergency powers, lifted for the elections back into place. But this time his opponents would not be gagged. They swiftly took to the streets and declared a "hasty war".

The National Alliance through its leader Massimo Mucchetti Mahmut, announced that its elected members would not take their seats in the National Assembly and boycotted the provincial elections that followed. Large crowds defied the emergency powers' ban on public meetings and a general strike call was widely observed.

The demand was for nothing less than the resignation of the Prime Minister, for revision of a caretaker government and fresh elections under the army's supervision. Bhutto went on television to appeal for an end to the "chaos" and "clerical meddling" and offered a fair hearing of complaints about rigging, hinting that favorable (to the opposition) decisions might be reached as an entry in

25 seats. This, however, cut little ice with the National Alliance, whose members indicated they might have stood up to 60 more votes, and as the demonstrations grew in intensity, Rhoads assumed his tactics, jostling most of the top men in the Alliance.

In the weeks that followed, Kansas, Louisiana and other major cities suffered some of the most severe rioting they had ever known, and by the month's end, as the

**Pink Island brings accepting married love to**  
**Laurel Mountain Island, Nov. 1968**

As in India, however, the serial team touched an unwelcome chord in the electorate with its vigorous denunciations of the Prime Minister's undisturbed ascendancy.

cash still earned 200 and the number of injured men rose thousands; material loss was clamped down in the most realistic areas. In addition, police were estimated to have detained at least 250,000 people, and the demonstrations broke out as a result of the government's decision to allow the country's (one estimate put the cost to the economy at \$200 million). They had also lost their mark on the normally urbane scene to any outward extent of the 40-year-old Reina Miravalles. A University of California political science professor and holder of an honorary doctorate, she had been in the situation as accustomed to alternating the polished manners of a Japanese aristocrat (her family was landless gentry) with all the wilfulness and rebelliousness of the venous politicians that it was *Rain* while she still ignored the safety in ostracism she had achieved. She had a habit of taking a moment to look about the way in which he sought to make out the stars.

His charges of sexual abuse were severely jolted by the resignation of Josep Oriol Junyer, the party's No. 2. Multibank Hassan, a former education minister, and two long-time friends, who were also in Spain and Greece also fled; the bank went into receivership. And the army in Madrid, Ar. Marshal Basilio Kiki, a sergeant in Burma. "I cannot sit still and see the country dragged into another civil war by power-hungry men," Fundacion, bearing quietly away from the country, the leaving of the army, the National Election Commission was slowly, but steadily, undermining the opposition charges of ballot rigging as it stated through complaints from about 30 oppositionists. Within weeks of their election no fewer than four new voters were dropped from the office.

It all added up to a union of formidable proportions for Rhapta. As one diplomatic command: "If he had not kept the lid on so firmly all these years, it might not have blown off so far once he loosened it. But now I don't see how he's going to get it back on."

## People



Chambers is a talent, and talent's slow

Before the Communists co-opted it, May 1, or May Day, was the most carnal day of the year—those now harmless dances around the maypole were, in the Old Religion (Wiccan) fertility dances across the representative phallos. So in keeping with the season, may pole be: **Bob Guccione's** *Penthouse* magazine has lost its appeal as the Federal Court to have a Canadian customs officer's ban on the May issue lifted. Canadians hereon, it says, "think our

sen "Meanwhile **Larry Pigei**, publisher of **Waxie** magazine, has new problems over mail above the age 25 years in that they are an obscenity violation. He and his magazine are being sued for \$1 from **flon** by **Ray Wood Graham**. In the April issue, he ran a topical version of the famous painting **American Gothic**. Graham had posed for the original, modeled by his brother, **Grant Wood**, in 1938 and according to her

the, she almost killed a black actress when she saw *Richard*. The 77-year-old widow also worries that people will think she influenced the *Boyz n the City* agents. Again on the set last night, she was asked to leave. "I was out of my mind," says 132,300-wireframe *Woman* star Mary McCormack. Wallace said after *Seven* ran a story saying that he had learned to perform "certain sexual act" from studying the original. On a happier note, **Martyn Chambers**, one of *Pointless* stars (Richard The Green Devil) and *Ivory Snow* commercials, is mooning since again that vet was in the news. "I was so proud that that vet was in the news," she says. "I've recorded her first single 'Heavy on a note' [sic]—it's recording in the studio with a singer-and-dancer actor. I'm in Vegas in which 'I try to get away with it as much as possible'."

Whether or not the recently finished comic-strip odyssey by **Veldt** and the Hemmings Band was a musical tour de force or something that is best left to the ear of the

scholar: that it was a statistical tour de force can be judged a little more objectively. 13 shows to 54 towns, including whole-some like Queens, British Columbia, Belleville, Ontario, and Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in 72 days, 36,000 combined road miles for the equipment truck, the band's campcar, and Wiley's van, which he drove himself. 95,000 kilometers, just under \$250,000 gross. And just north he swayed the spare time along the way, the air folk on ice completely refreshed the minds of his son.



Myers: a man with a home to pay for

It happens that **Pennsylvania** **State** **Myers** will be allowed to go home again to live and shortly thereafter (as all likelihood to die). On June 13, 1975, Ed Myers, then 105 years old, shot and killed his 31-year-old lady friend, (I don't recall exactly accurate—the had pinched his mortgage payment money and ran off with another man) and was eventually convicted of manslaughter. The sentence, obviously in deference to his age,

and recognizing the circumstances of the case, was 15 years probation—but with the stipulation that Myers was not to return to the home in Lake County he occupied for most of the previous 50 years. He's spent the intervening period in Apopka, Florida, talking to the ghost of the woman he shot, who, he says, begs for forgiveness from him. Now he has agreed to forget her...and with that out of the way, all he has to do to have his exile lifted is convince the courts he's "not dangerous."

[illegible]

Wiggo: breathe there a man, uh



normally second only to Hopper. Asford was recruited by Strang after a highly successful career with Mobil Oil Co. Unusual for a Calgary oilman, he was enthusiastic about the Petro-Canada concept. But Hopper sidelined him shortly after assuming control, and he finally resigned in disagreement with Petro-Canada's head engineering line with Shell over their joint activities off Nova Scotia. (There is an outright disagreement over whether the departure of the Shell rig renders its possible projected ventures in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.)

Hopper flatly denies there is any sexual tangle, and he denies off-volley of supporting Agents—only two management dignitaries out of a staff of 32 at Petro-Canada itself, only a phony of 36 at Petro-Canada Exploration Inc. (PEI). This argument makes the helpless outsider uncomfortably aware of Durand's crack about his damned lies and taxation. For one thing, further investigation elicited that the exit of Marie Chappoy, a confidante of Pierre Trudeau and Strang's choice for public relations chief, is not coincidental because she was one of Petro-Canada's numerous resident consultants. Similarly, former minister Doug Young's widely remarked return to the Ministry of Energy, Mines and Resources takes effect daily after the period surveyed. However, critics do seem able to document convincingly that the management core of Atlantic Richfield Canada Ltd. (ARCO) has been exiled since the company was bought and renamed Petro-Canada Exploration Inc. (Hemphrys, this core does not apparently include Poir's current president Sam Stewart, whose contract with Petro-Canada ended in 24 hours after he left Los Angeles took six months over, attributed to his role in the financially unattractive Serranoite for sands project, now inherited by Petro-Canada.) And there is no reliable way the fact that many in Petro-Canada are really bad—and not just among the "couple of guys" Hopper has identified as ARCO persons.

The present ARCO persons are also starting badly. The foreign-owned companies have been generally discredited at least until Strang's speech, but some Canadian companies are anything but "well" served with them again. "We'll never win industry until the rest of the country knows that Petro-Canada simply is not spending the expected money on exploration. Hence it is not surprising with the companies in their constant search for partners to share the risk. Last year, exploring Petroleum Canada spent a mere \$70 to \$200 a day on the "Trontar" area—the Beaufort Sea, the High Arctic and so on—much as Canada's last chance for big finds. Hopper told the standing committee that Petro-Canada had already committed a total of \$70 million to all areas, including Peconic, although \$10 million was "deferred." A Petro-Canada spokesman subsequently could only provide details of



Bill Hopper: the petro-bank boss here

some \$45 to \$47 million. Yet its exploration budget is officially \$130 million. (In 1977, the private companies will spend over \$400 million in the Arctic and Northwest Territories alone.) Even the drab Petro-Canada board, almost all of which is the Sun Oil Company Limited, agreements to the Arctic, were obtained last year, when Asford had full authority.

The companies are also alienated by the agents which Petro-Canada refuses to give details. It is a slow process, however, with a bad reputation for engaging an honorable agreement, then disavowing its own offer. It has not yet made any commitments overseas, while some of the smaller companies in helped it might give them in dealing with experienced foreign governments such as Saudi Arabia. Petro-Canada spokesman claim that they helped coincide with Haida, those Canadian companies which had commercial oil off the British Columbia coast. But in fact nothing has been settled, and there are common recent reports that some companies have been rejected by the Indian state company.

Petro-Canada's mandate is to stimulate exploration. Yet it is a company that dabbles risk. It is obviously aware of the four striking Calgary that after hundreds of millions of dollars worth of exploration nothing much will be found on the coast after all. "In 30 years' time, that will be a ghost town," said one oilman involuntarily, jolting down from one of the oil companies' warning new investors to where Petro-Canada's red brick building mysteriously seemed to have sprung. Canada's And to illustrate that risk, Petro-Canada would have to pay an additional premium since it has no land of its own. There is little incentive to do this when it will be able to force its way into profitable places under provisions which will get greater Canada's new Northern Limit. Regulators do not immediately say they have been for the last seven years. (Hopper's previous close involvement in natural gas prices in

size with this second hanging over the industry's hand has not endeared him to it, much less the advice he gave in a consultation that the Norwegian government should not deal with the small Canadian companies which are heavily involved in the North Sea.) Confessions are paid to stay out of trouble by avoiding decisions that "keeping options open" need to prefer quantifiable risks like those to be found in its heavy oil projects. Exploring for oil is for petro-bank only.

Setting up an agency on from scratch is a painful process, even for those with more life experience than Hopper. His style does not help. He is so little known in Calgary (he spends part of each week in Ottawa, where his family still lives) that there's a widespread misconception that he's Jewish. Petro-Canada's officials outside his immediate circle have difficulty getting in to see him. This circle includes Bill Menzies, who will probably succeed Asford, and Joe Bell, a Harvard Ph.D. and an Ottawa's who had who was associated with the first Competition Act, the Foreign Investment Review Agency, the Anti-Inflation Board and energy policy, before being eased out of the Prime Minister's Office after the arrival of Jim Cullen. Another Ottawa case, Barry Yates, formerly with Indian and Northern Affairs, is Hopper's personal assistant. Incident management and environmental management, despite the efforts of co-ordinator Liberal leader Jack Layton now with Oil News's Bureau of Management Consultants. All agree, however, that changes are made in reply to response to press or political criticism.

Petroleum criticism, at least, is needed. There have been reports of territorial clashes with Energy, Mines and Resources deputy minister Gordon MacNaughton, probably exacerbated by the presence of the two Canadian oil companies' deputy ministers with empires in protected by the proceedings of the Standing Committee were almost drowned by the noise of self-complacitizing politicians.

There has been a number of severe press stories about the company out of Calgary, government spokesmen dismiss them as the product of oil industry news. "Ottawa that they have a right to type, press and that," said one ministerial aide. Paul McKee, Fred Williams stopped talking to his neighbour long enough to report that Petro-Canada had been criticised in Ottawa "in some way the people can trust." And the persona of Dr. Maurice Poir (L—Agence) raised the central question when he pointed that the Tories would have to explain to the Parliament how, if Petro-Canada is shelved, offshore drilling could be continued now that the industry is going up in flames.

He did not, however, discuss the fact that drilling holes is not as bad as that! Even Ottawa would be able to find out their own three.

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# Sports

Pleasure as a risky business



Thousands of otherwise conventional, down-to-earth Canadians are regularly risking their necks for the sheer fun of it—and their numbers are growing every day. They are the people for whom winter is time, swimming without golf just the word "dag" spelled backwards. For recreation they have turned to such exotic and often dangerous sports as hang-gliding, sky-diving, rock climbing, sky-skiing, mountain biking, canoeing, and even spelunking (cave-digging). Says Keesenka, Ottawa hang-gliding enthusiast Robert Duffy, 30: "I found conventional recreation pretty boring. There was no play in it." But when you're flying you feel exhilarated. "Duffy, who quit his municipal job two years ago to help found a company called Sky and Earth Systems Inc. (it designs and manufactures hang-gliders, in one of more than 3,000 Canadians who spend three spare-time weekends and occasionally thousands of feet up in the air, with only a 25-pound, kite-like glider to keep them there.

In addition to the hang-gliders (a good set of "wings," costs \$800), there are an estimated 5,000 parachutists (sky-divers), 2,000 licensed sailplane pilots, 3,000 mountaineers, 9,000 motorcycle riders and 500 spelunkers in the country. The question, to the less-adventurous, is why? The answer appears to be: for the thrill of it all. Spokesmen for the various sports insist that they are dangerous only to the ill-prepared and besides, accidents can happen to anyone. Adds Toronto psychiatrist Dr. Roderic J. Malabar: "We all live dangerously whether we believe it or not. Take driving—there's always a risk."

Defying the risk, acquiring the freedom, overcoming personal fear and seeking achievement are among reasons why Calgary mailman Jon Potter, 43, climbs rock faces, why Michael Berger, a 27-year-old merchant from Montague, Prince Edward Island, races motorcycle across-country and even on ice, why Paul McKillop, an industrialist from Winnipeg, 31, runs gliders, why Toronto engineer Grant Stefan, 32, one of about 20 world-class sky-divers in Canada spends all his spare time jumping out of airplanes. Says Stefan: "I don't really feel that much when I'm in the air. You can't think that ultimately you might die; a big hole in the ground. But it's pretty hard to control your mind. That's what makes it challenging, to overcome the fear. After all, you're falling and if something

Hang-gliding, just to dipel into possible misconception, they are afraid of falling

By Vera Slewin

goes wrong, that's it, you're dead."

Although the Canadian Sport Para-chuting Association maintains that the average risk (mostly spent) is a paltry one sixth of 1% accidents sometimes do happen. Last month, for example, 24-year-old Shelly Bergman, daughter of Regina-Lake Centre star Les Bergman, died near Ottawa when her parachute failed to open. Shelly Bergman was no greenhorn, having made 490 previous jumps without accidents. As if to stress that both in her good judgment, her parents asked that in lieu of flowers friends make donations to the Canadian Parachute Team, Inc. 444, Burlington, Ontario. (In 1976, there were only three parachuting fatalities in all of North America.)

As Shelly Bergman's death proved, things can go wrong even for the most experienced. In mid-April, Blackhawk, Ontario pilot Elmer Belvin, 55, died when his glider broke up in mid-flight. Belvin, described as a highly experienced glider pilot, was also licensed to fly conventional airplanes and had flown gliders in Europe and South America. Says Allen Scherler of the Soaring Association of Canada, who has piloted sailplanes for over 20 years:

"We have to overcome the average person's notion that this is some crazy, dangerous sport because that's no danger. You can spend as much time and have as much fun (gliding) as you would playing golf and it'll probably be cheaper." Sailplane pilots are licensed by the federal Ministry of Transport. "There's a tremendous power in the hand and if you learn to use it, it's very easy to get hooked on that," Scherler says. Scherler's comments about public misconceptions are echoed by John Smith, executive director of the Canadian Sports Parachuting Association. He points out that responsible schools require at least eight hours of on-ground training before letting students make a jump.

Michael Esailf, director of the Outdoor Pursuits Centre at Seneca College, near Toronto, has been a wilderness instructor and guide for nearly 20 years. He calls rock climbing "a very dangerous, high-risk sport," stressing that accidents favor "people who are not properly instructed and take up rock climbing in a casual, hobbyish way." In "Where Canada has traditionally been the center for alpine sports, but today rock faces all over the country are being climbed. Says James White of the Alpine Club of Canada: "People are fed up with the granite world and are more aware of the physical environment. We don't have any written rules. The emphasis is on developing personal responsibility."

Perhaps a more conventional "risk" sport is motorcycle racing. "In the 1950s, you had to really be an oddball to stick to it," says Marilyn Binkels, general director of the Canadian Motorcycle Association. "People would look down on you if you raced motorcycles. But today motorcycle racing has become respectable. It has be-

come a family thing." The most popular—though still the fastest—version of the sport is cross-country racing. Adds Binkels: "As far as a compulsion to take fate, it doesn't exist in our sport." There have been only seven deaths in 22 years of amateur racing in Canada.

Spelunking, or spelunking, better known as "caving" in North America, was virtually unknown in Canada a decade ago but today there are caving clubs in most major Canadian cities. Physically, the sport is demanding. Kirk MacGregor, a Toronto cave servant who has been a spelunker for ten years, says the sport requires excellent physical condition and refers to

the joys of "accomplishing a collectively chasing objective." Among the dangers, getting lost is an underreported one, falling rocks, sudden drops.

But all of the so-called high-risk sports, the fastest growing is hang-gliding. The "pilot," as the hang-gliders describe themselves, refers to the parents as "both a technology and a knowledge" and is clear that to start like a bird one thousand feet above one's caribou-filled fellow man is, as Robert Duffy puts it, "to undergo change. You're aware of a lot of things when you're flying, and you can apply that awareness in different ways in life. It certainly does something inside you." Duffy estimates

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that only one person in a hundred can be a flyer—"someone who takes to the air, really loves it and thinks it's very natural. That's not saying they're not afraid of falling; everyone's afraid of falling." (The first hang-glider to fall, not counting the mythological Icarus, was Zorotero, Leonardo Di Viter's helper, who crippled himself jumping off a roof with one of Leonardo's early "flying machines." In fact, Leonardo had warned Zorotero not to use that particular invention—a point modern "pilots" stress when they talk about the need for proper instruction as well as

good equipment.)

Whether it's soaring, gliding, climbing or probing the bowels of the earth, a daredevil recreational pursuit is simply not for everyone. Dr. Harold Menden, a Toronto psychologist who acts as a consultant to Canada's national figure skating and gymnastics teams, suggests that, among other things, participants in such sports may have high fear thresholds and strong needs, as well as strong personal motivation to face a challenge. However, he says, "there is no simple model for this type of behavior."

Sky-diving (above), motorcycle racing, and (below) rock-climbing: Is it any wonder that, say, driving experiences?



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# Science

## The fact that Uranus has rings may be more important than you think

The magnificent rings that make the planet Saturn one of the most impressive sights in the summer were long thought to be unique. But in a discovery that stunned astronomers, U.S. scientists in March detected at least five rings around the most distant Uranus. It was the first major structural characteristic found in the solar system since the existence of the so-called planet Pluto, was confirmed in 1938. The Uranus rings were noticed by accident, when a team of astronomers headed by Cornell University's James Elliot were attempting to measure the planet's diameter. The team had taken a National Aeronautics and Space Administration long-exposure photograph of the southern Indian Ocean, off Australia, for a favorable viewing position while Uranus passed in front of a star. But their star astrophotometer, the star showed for a few seconds while it was well beyond the edge of the planet. Something was obscuring its light. Then it dimmed for most minutes before Uranus itself moved in and obscured it. The team discerned correctly that the star disappeared as the solar disk, indicating the existence of a Saturn-like ring system. Similar observations were made by scientists in Kavalpur, India, and Perth, Australia.

Astronomer Bruce Mazurke of the International Astronomical Union in Cambridge, Massachusetts, quickly calculated that the five Uranus rings are spaced from 1,000 to 10,000 miles above the planet's cloudy surface. The outer ring is about 60 miles wide, the others between five and 10. These dimensions are curiously different from those of Saturn's three major rings each of which is thousands of miles wide. Although different in scale, the Uranus rings are thought to have a composition similar to Saturn's—swarms of particles varying from dust-size to small flying "icebergs" each at its own orbit. The rings are opaque. Saturn's rings look solid and dark, but its own orbits, believed to be thin, must consist of ice. This ring-ring theory has been supported by recent observations of Saturn's inner moons, now thought to be nothing more than huge moonlets. The rings, which presumably formed at the same time as the moons, likely are made of the same kind of material.

Uranus' enormous distance from earth—1.7 billion miles—makes its observation difficult. Compared to the moon, which to earthlings appears about the size of a tennis ball at a distance of 15 feet, Uranus is a tennis ball one mile away. It is distant, however, astronomically at the U.S.



An artist's rendering of Uranus as it now appears to appear more to come in 1986

Norval Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, an ambitious plan to photograph the rings of the planet. They intend to block out the light of Uranus itself and photograph the space immediately around the planet hoping that a faint reflection of sunlight will give them a picture of the rings. In addition, NASA recently decided to send its new Voyager spacecraft, to be launched this summer, on to Uranus after it explores Jupiter and Saturn. If the spacecraft is still functioning when it reaches Uranus in January 1986 it should be able to photograph the rings in exquisite detail.

Pertuzio no doubt will help astronomers with the new puzzle, what remains possible around the rings? William K. Hartmann, senior scientist at the Planetary Science Institute in Tucson, Arizona, says his model of Neptune and Jupiter, the two other giant planets, have rings in well. Jupiter is the only one of the giant planets that has been explored by spacecraft and no evidence of rings has emerged. "I have of the four giant planets have similar systems that look like solar systems in miniature," says Hartmann. "The formation of these planets and their satellites may have been a process continuing on a smaller scale, the formation of the sun and the early solar system." Material left over from the creation of the giant planets is thought to Hartmann, most evidence into satellites, while material too close to form a moon (due to disruptive gravitational

forces of the planet) would disappear, and a gas ring in the equatorial plane. This theory suggested some time ago for Saturn's rings, are now added to with the discovery of the Uranian rings. Says Hartmann, "The rings of Saturn and now Uranus, are central laboratories for us to explore the nature and origin of swarms of small particles that were probably involved in the formation of all the major objects in the solar system, including the moon."

### ... from little acorns

Century to extend Neil Armstrong's historic phrase, the progress toward scientific knowledge is rarely a "giant leap for mankind." Physicist Albert Einstein used to talk about his friendships as an attempt to "uphold the spirit of the Old One." This euphemism for God and his colleagues around the world understood what he meant: breakthroughs can only be expected after hundreds and even thousands of key clues have been identified, evaluated and put into proper context. That is especially true of man's continuing search for hard data on the original life on earth. They clues are being assembled but the puzzle is far from complete. The latest discovery, announced last month by an Anglo-Canadian team, the longest and heaviest molecule found so far in outer solar space.

The molecule represents a potentially significant astronomer's effort to explain how atoms of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen

and oxygen combined billions of years ago to form the increasingly complex molecules that eventually gave rise to organisms as intricate as human beings. The emergence of life would be easier to explain if some of the complex molecules were present when the earth formed. Most astronomers agree that enormous interstellar clouds of dust and gas are the necessary source of space, where stars and planets are born. What remains uncertain is how much of the cloud material was deposited on earth before the formation of the oceans to avoid being lost. The question is: could any of the molecules that could play a role in the formation of amino acids (the essential building blocks of life) have been found floating around in these cosmic clouds?

Now, a team of astronomers from Queen's University Research Council and Boston's University of Boston have discovered a molecule significantly heavier than the simplest amino acid in a cloud in the constellation Taurus. The molecule is a cyanoacetylene (chemical formula: HC<sub>3</sub>N). Cyanoacetylene has been found in the interstellar environment and had to be synthesized in the lab before astronomers knew what to look for. Over England's Cambridge University, determined cyanoacetylene's spectral properties, the new group, using their 150-foot radio telescope in Ontario's Algonquin Park, detected its presence in Taurus. "We found it almost immediately," reports Norman Bock, head of the astronomy and astrophysics department at Queen's University. "We found it almost immediately," reports Norman Bock, head of the astronomy and astrophysics department at Queen's University. "We found it almost immediately," reports Norman Bock, head of the astronomy and astrophysics department at Queen's University.



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# Books

## Madame Mao purged and killed, but does that make her a bad person?

COMRADE CHANG CHING

by Roxana Watui  
(Little Brown and Company, \$17.95)  
Every time the book starts with the best dark cap. All the same, who would have thought that the facade of Mao's widow Chang Ching for occasionally wearing old Balmain dresses would be used in the campaign to discredit her? Still, the engaging prospect of the most all-powerful Chang being a political lioness on charges of class-cross-dressing did seem to illustrate the extraordinary ability of Chang's current murderers to double-think. Now American academic Roxana Watui has written a biography of Mrs. Mao that debunks the contemporary Western position for the same thing. It is a document worthy of a place in George Orwell's Records Department in the Ministry of Truth.

Watui, now Associate Professor of History at the State University of New York, was invited to visit China in 1972. Earlier Watui writings had inspired the late Premier Chou En-lai to describe her as "young and enthusiastic for China." The trip took an unexpected turn when Chang decided Watui's book should be all about her and scheduled some 60 hours of interviews. The Chinese decided to type up the interview tapes and give translations to Watui after "editing for accuracy and direction" by a committee of "leading comrades." Only one interview seems to have been accurate and direct enough to merit these amazing standards and Watui's book had to be based instead on the notes she took.

"Comrade Chang Ching" writes Watui in the book's prologue, "had a special image, the special attractiveness—some might call it seductiveness—of great power." Watui's analysis is based and enriched not to retract her hormones in favor of more cerebral responses in "selfishness" and "timidity" by Chang's account of her murderous activities. The actress who married husband Mao in 1938 began her blood-soaked quest for power in the 1940s and reform movement supervisor of the identification and eradication of "local tyrants." Writes Watui: "The brilliant and bitter drama of the last reform cycle—during the tyrant among the masses, setting the tyrant and winning the Revolution—she would never forget" by the 1966 Cultural Revolution. Chang was China's cultural thief. Watui she privately scorned Gao's move and pointed about snapping photos of dewy flowers she believed the masses were



Ching and Mao in 1947: one day you're a heroine, the next a running-of-the-jackal

latter served by the atavistic instincts called "revolutionary proletarian culture." Life passed merrily by as she made a profession of bed. For Chang's 100 million whole sleeping herself in who she was and the perfect peace ensured by power to prohibit glances from trading during her rest hours. It took the Chairman's death to finally make her up.

Though Watui's book is saturated with fascinating anecdotes, Chang Ching and Mao's story remain shrouded in an air of mystery. This is because Watui's external account leaves the reader unable to see out from fiction. Not can we be confident of the book's few judgments from former U.S. State Department consultant Watui: the new ruler of China "was not a scholar about status" and the labels of leadership—"this is a society where omission of the proper number of superlatives, before a comrade's name, may mean his impending deposition and his position in an official photograph is governed by his specific moral rank than any real medieval court." Watui claims that "dozens of military toward criminals and toward upward members of the masses have been banished from public scenes." This only 100 pages away from the photos in her book of disgraced Central Committee members being goose-stepped through the streets with placards around their necks.

But the book is important for its warn-

ing illustration of the cultural revolution of Watui's own culture in symbol itself contained though she is by totalitarianism. Watui can't actually lie. She deftly imports all the anecdotes—because she has been taught to report what she sees not what she might see. Her problem is simply a bad case of Western society's bias for power and success. On that basis of the New Book had already introduced no might have been treated as a spellbound Watui examining the story of another politically astute and ultimately very woman called Eva Braun. **JENNIFER AMPT**

### Growing up unsabred

by Doris McFhee  
(Macmillan of Cat, \$11.95)

Doris McFhee's remarkably unbrilliant first novel is an old-fashioned exposition of girlhood, adolescence and early adulthood in prewar Ontario. It is worth reading if only as a period piece. What a blessed relief it is to come across a book about a girl's sexual awakening, which was not to be a school (indeed no daughter figure seduction scene) on a distant island, away, away, in which as one girl put it: "Eva Psychologically."

McFhee's world is engagingly pre-teenage. The heroine's mother takes her to school during the summer and books (illegally) open about the war. Her men are miserably unattractive, they fly planes. One of them tells her girl at their second meeting that she is going to marry

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from. The only explicit sexual reference in *Sandwich* is between the barman and a taxi driver who escorts her from a midnight dinner, plays musical chairs on her taxi radio and reads Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* between sips. Near the beginning of their acquaintance he says to her "I'd like to lay you", which is clear sexual innuendo. Not that these conventional assumptions concerning the sexual subtext of place, they were as essential. Instead of life and love there in the *Thirties* and *Forties* and *Sixties* may well have embraced them simply as part of her efforts to get into the period. Providing accurate local colour to her fiction. The reader is kept up to the minute in fashion, song hits and dance steps. We know what makeup 13-year-old Hannah experimented with, which cigarettes her father smoked. A dinner table conversation about *All Quiet on the Western Front* tells of approaching war clouds, a reference to the wartime propaganda figure Kooky the Beaver shows that they have broken.

But sexual teasing can be a dangerous business. Too often McFadyen plays background music with nothing in the foreground. She suffers, moreover, from that well-known literary complaint, verbal dyslexia. In one passage Hannah tries to explain the relationship between how she felt and how she felt as a girl. "I am divided into these two parts," she muses, "not trying to make them match, like a pair of shoes but to bring them together in one whole they aren't." As if this were so ruthlessly clear, the companion herself footprints to a church bell. "An essential taught up in the face of no shame."

Hannah is McFadyen's most tender narrator. Awakened and awake-aged dreamers know it fits to be a child, an outrageous literary device, but one that helpfully complicates the task of developing characters and establishing relationships between them. After working out the plot of the *Waves* of the *Sandwich* with the *Blackout* of the *Forties* or simply asking the story of Hannah's childhood? The reader never knows. *Sandwich*



McFadyen, thanks, at least, for the memory

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It sounds ideal, but there have been "domestic problems," as Bill Armstrong, host of English language radio, delicately puts it. At least six key people—including senior art producer Catherine Wilson and co-host Bruce Rogers—have left *Sunday Morning* in the last months; it has been as the *war* Rogers quit because he didn't get what he wanted, a stronger editorial voice.







# Heed these words, Jack Horner: the weed of opportunism oft bears bitter fruit

Column by Alan Fotheringham

Among the two-step operators that have been playing in Ottawa—the more plausible one has been the transformation of Jack Horner, the former head monk of the Commons into a nervous wallflower, before he finally joined the Liberals. It was a transition so unlikely as to be farcical, the spectacle of a man with scars and veins of conservative enmeshed making a fool of himself by flanking with the Liberal crew, the party of manly, middle ground opportunism. It was like watching the star singer of a content school marching openly with the greasers in front of the local motorcycle club. If he hasn't done it already, writers would do this shouting game of fight somewhere where we would not have to watch the degrading spectacle.

The metamorphosis of the Gary Cooper of the Commons into an underdog Don Quixote, however, should not distract us away from the fact that the Horner webbing is a fine and honest tradition of Canadian politics. Men waging war from principle to principle. Men driven to a mental halfway have been a noble feature of our politics from the start. Politicians facing accounts for in pursuit of greater goals, their justifications trailing behind them, have been around forever.

One does not have to cite the celebrated philosophical musings of Paul Hellyer as the sole example. Hellyer's laudably unorthodox pursuit of his own destiny led him from Liberal cabinet minister to Action Canada guru (and possibly a jury member) to Conservative leadership candidate and established a useful base for potential Prime Ministers (Hellyer has gone to the Arctic. Why? To track leopards how to speak).

Claude Wagner, of course, as his way from being a Quebec Liberal to an Ontario Tory, went through an official cleaning surgery on the bench, only to emerge today as a designated Joe Clark non-person. Luke McElroy has search for the significance of Horner's had led him only to circles.

Someone who has incurred more material considerations for his execution change of heart is Haas Argue, the former CCF house leader in Ottawa. After advocating for 16 years the abolition of the Senate, Argue in 1982 jumped to the Liberals after he lost the seat leadership race to Tommy Douglas. Four short years later, the knotty Liberal elevated him to the Senate, thus inspiring a memorable and bitter Commons speech by David Laus. "We have made progress in our civilizations. The 38 pieces of silver have now

become a half million dollars, which is what Mr. Argue has been paid for being what he was." Argue was all the more of an opportunist and his Senate salary would be the age of 75 as the then prevailing rate of \$15,000 would be \$45,000.

It should not escape attention that Jack Horner, in his confusion as to his Crawford



far, while in the right mood to play his trick Mr. Trudeau, we will find, was a good supporter of the CCF, even delighting in calling the Pearson Liberals "Liberals" before he decided to join them. He also, as we saw, often concerned Social Credit's Red Olson turned his back on his Commons roots in 1967 and switched to the Liberal side. Made agriculture minister, he was damped by voters the next crack they had at him. Last month a grateful Mr. Trudeau named him to the Senate. Students of Canadian always credit the magic name of Churchill, regarded in such circles as one of the great men of today. The great man, from such a proud Tory heritage, was an active politician only four years before jumping to the Liberals. He exhibited his way through various election under such labels as Liberal Free Trader, Independent Anti-socialist and Constitutionalist before finally emerging as a Tory again. "Anyone can do it," Churchill muttered, "but it takes courage to do it."

The reason William Craig is so detested in his old party of Liberals is that he

was once one himself, a non-feminist as a young man before he saw the light and converted. Was not Paul of Tarsus, now that you think of it, the first political convert on that road to Damascus? Dulcine would love the analogy.

In between the two, there has been a long tradition of class jumpers. Thomas McEwen, the former headmaster, went from Solicitor, Solicitor was a Liberal, Liberal-Unionist and Progressive George Williams of Winnipeg Centre was a Liberal-Knowles, Conservative and then Independent. R. L. Richardson, founder of the Winnipeg Tribune, was a Liberal, Independent, Independent-Conservative and Radical before his Commons career ended with his death in 1921. Ross Ansell stands out as a Conservative in Quebec politics, failed to get elected to Ottawa as a Tory, succeeded as an Independent, then a Liberal and ended up a Liberal cabinet member back in Quebec politics.

In the second book of Samuel, we met Asahel—son of David's half brother who devoted his neck and long to be with the command of the forces of Abimelech. And thus it is fitting that in the tumultuous world of British Columbia, politics could not function without uncommitted members. So it is that we formed and reformed for 20 years only because William Bennett left the Tories and crossed the floor. He appointed the first woman in Canada to hold a full cabinet post, Tilly Robinson, who in turn was an ex-Tory, ex-Conservative and ex-independent, before becoming a pseudo Socialist.

Dr. Scott Wallace, the ex-Tory leader, jumped from the Senate, half of Premier Bill Bennett's cabinet is made up of recycled second-hand government as their parties. One of his second ministers, Dr. McGeer, once wrote a pessimistic book detailing all the sins of Social Credit. When McGeer—the former ex-Liberal leader—and two other Liberals actually jumped to the second party in time to make it over the last-1981, last remaining Liberal Gordon Gibson said they reminded him of the old politicians who announced to an election rally "These are my principles—and if you don't like them I've got other ones."

Jack Horner, the result of man turned devil, has not been alone in history. There was Phobus, in Reagan's Polygon Progress, an unwelcome neighbor. Christian. He accompanies him as far as the Strength of Despond, then hushes and desponds him. He has led in you know, so the story about a friend is reliable in Phobus.

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